

VOL. XXIV

ATLANTA, GA., SUNDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 24, 1892.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

J. M. HIGH & CO.

WHITEHALL, HUNTER AND BROAD STS.

We Speak

Knowingly when we say that beyond a shadow of a doubt our

Silk Department

Leads all others in beauty and excellence. The following are eloquent Silk bargains.

13 colors Party Duchess at \$1, worth \$1.50.
19 shades in Reception Taffetas, \$1.10, worth \$1.65.
12 colors in street and opera Bengalines, \$1.52, worth \$2.25.
46 shades in 22-inch Chinas at 50c, worth 60c.
30 shades in 29-inch Tokio Silks at 73c, worth \$1.
40 patterns left of the great Remnant sale in Black Dress Silks. The grandest bargain in a fine suit ever offered, each piece is a pattern, 12 styles and sold at half price.

Wedding Trousseau

Bridal Gowns and Evening Toilettes in all their beauty and splendor. Your attention is urgently requested.

Here is where we please and surprise. 100 Dress Patterns in extra fine street silks, with artistic trimmings to match. These are gems. Prices \$12, \$16.50, \$18.50, \$22.50, \$25, \$35, \$50, \$60 and \$75 per suit. Velvet suits in five and six-toned effects, direct from Paris. High art is exhibited in exquisite Plaid Silk Skirtings with velvet bodice. Superb costumes.

Dress Trimmings.

The most important feature of our business is this excellent line of goods. Everything stylish and new is to be found with us. We are showing a novel line of elegant trimmings for street and evening wear.

This department is worth your attention.

Dress Goods.

Our great variety and endless stock of new style Dress Goods is the talk of Atlanta. We have surpassed all former efforts and present to the trading people of this section the grandest assortment of seasonable fabrics ever shown here.

Tomorrow the Bargains are:

42 pieces striped Novelty Suitings, double fold, at only 19c yard.
38-inch wool Cheviots, new and stylish, 25c.

English Homespuns, all wool and 40 inches wide, 35c, worth 65c.

The best line of 50c goods ever seen. Camel's Hair Stripes, Bourtonne Mixtures, Hair Line Novelties, Serges, etc. More than 400 pieces to select from.

19 pieces Changeable Diagonal Cheviots, only \$1, worth \$1.50.

49 pieces Jacquard weave Novelties, all shades, imported to sell at \$1.75, our price Monday \$1.25.

Iridescent Diagonal Novelties, 46 inches wide, \$1, worth \$1.50.

Our Novelty Pattern Suits represent the par excellence of French, German and American manufacture. Such a display. No two alike, and no duplicates to be had of them. You cannot wonder at their popularity already attained. All styles, all prices, \$8 to \$150.00 a suit.

Dressmaking.

Our Madame having just returned from Paris, is now ready to make you any style suit you wish. Not only being an original designer herself, she can reproduce anything from Worth, Redfern or Felix. We guarantee you a fit and perfect satisfaction.

Black Dress Goods.

Largest Stock South.

200 pieces to Select From.

STRIKING SPECIALS.

40-inch all wool Surah Cloth at 50c, worth 60c.

40-inch all wool, silk finish Henrietta 74c, worth \$1.

42-inch Priestley's \$1.50 silk Henrietta at \$1.10.

48-inch Bothany Cloth at \$1.50, worth \$2.25.

50-inch Railway Diagonals \$1.65, worth \$2.50.

We do the business of Atlanta in Black Goods.

Millinery Opening!

Monday,

Tuesday,

Wednesday,

September 26, 27 and 28.

We cordially invite the public to our opening. Hats and Bonnets from Paris and London as well as an exhibition of the product of our own work-room which we believe cannot be surpassed, as no expense has been spared to secure the highest order of talent. Our buyer has visited Paris, Berlin and London in search of Novelties and the choicest products of two continents are now on sale.

Children's Opening Day

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1.

Infants' Outfitting Department.—We will also introduce to the public on the above dates our Infants' Department, comprising everything for Infants' wear.

Japanese and Oriental Department.—Presided over by a son of the east, containing the latest novelties from Japan and China.

Objects of Art and Art Materials.—A new department full of interesting objects for lovers of the beautiful.

Gloves.

New Stock. Sizes all Complete. Prices Correct. Fit assured.

The finest 4 button dressed Kid Glove made \$1.75.

We sell Jouvin's, electric and Richelieu Gloves in the season's latest shades at \$1.50 worth \$2.

8 button undressed Mousquetaire at \$1.25.

We make a great run on our \$1 Glove.

8-button undressed Mousquetaire at 75c.

See our Novelty Gloves.

Hosiery Department

Second to None in America.

Extra values at prices that will paralyze competition. Wear and color guaranteed. Your self-interest leads you to this counter.

300 dozen J. M. High & Co.'s own fast black ladies' Hose, high spliced heel, double sole, reinforced toe, warranted stainless 25c, worth 40c.

200 dozen boys' extra heavy fast black Bicycle Hose, all sizes, 7 to 10 at 25c pair, 6 pairs for \$1.35.

225 dozen ladies' real Maco 2 thread fast black cotton Hose, high spliced heel and double sole. You want to see our 23 1/2c, worth 50c.

50 dozen gentle fast black and tan silk Half-Hose 40c, worth 75c.

25 dozen men's genuine bicycle Hose, heavy wool, with linen heel, toe and sole, sizes 9 1/2 to 11, navy, seal and black \$1.50.

50 dozen ladies' silk Hose fast black and assorted shades, ribbed and plain, 75c.

Lace and Embroidery Department.

Tomorrow.

50 dozen ladies' Handkerchiefs, all styles, cheap at 15c, Monday 5c each.
1 lot fine Cambric and Nainsook Embroideries, bought in a job, worth 35c to 65c a yard. Tomorrow 25c a yard.

Gents' Furnishings.

Men and boys' Fixings. Ladies' and Children's Woolen Underwear.

A stock perfect in every particular.

We are sole agents for the celebrated Dr. Jaeger's ladies' and children's sanitary Woolen Underwear.

Men's medium weight merino Shirts and Drawers, worth \$2 suit, only 50c garment.

Men's natural wool Shirts and Drawers, the \$3 value everywhere, at 75c per garment.

Men's fine cashmere Shirts and Drawers, of the celebrated Norfolk and New Brunswick makes, tans, modes, blues and slates, good value \$5. Our introductory prices \$1.50 per garment.

1 large lot ladies' Merino Vests, a special for Monday at 35c each.

Ladies' elegant extra weight, all wool Pants and Vests, natural coloring, worth \$3.30 suit. Our price \$1 per garment.

SPECIAL ATTENTION given to children and infants' Underwear, all sorts, all prices.

Wash Dress Goods.

10,000 yards Standard Prints, dark colors, at 3 1/2c a yard, Monday only.

7,500 yards Plaid Outing Cloth, in dark shades only 7 1/2c a yard.

45 pieces Outing Cloth, in navy blue, black and brown ground, small pin stripes, 36 inches wide, at 12 1/2c a yard.

A new line of fine French Satines just in at 12 1/2c a yard.

5,000 yards dark Dress Gingham at 10c a yard.

Flannels.

20 pieces all-wool red Flannel at 19c a yard.

20 pieces white Flannel worth 25c, at 19c a yard.

40 pieces all-wool Opera Flannels in all shades at 29c a yard.

A new line of Eiderdown Flannels at 49c a yard.

Specials in Notions.

Finest quality Pearl Buttons, from 14 to 22 line, 10 cents dozen.

All silk tailor buttons 7 1/2 cents dozen.

Whale brand 10-knot whalebones, at 8 cents bunch.

Extra large size Paris Stockinet Shields, at 20 cents pair.

DeLong H & E, at 10 cents card.

Bone Casing, at 2 cents yard.

50 cent Fancy Silk Elastic, at 35 cents yard.

Fancy Bone Hairpins, Special at 20 cents dozen.

Fine Rubber Hair Pins, at 10 cents dozen.

25 cent Gilt and Silver Hairpins, at 10 cents dozen.

300 Opera Fans, Special at 35 cents each.

50 cent Watch Chains for ladies and gents, 25 cents each.

Solid Gold Rings for children, to go at 25 cents each.

Something new in Ladies Rolled Plated Pins, to go at 25 cents.

15 cent Stick Pins, Special at 8 cents each.

Aluminum Out Buttons, to go at 25 cents pair.

Gentlemen's 3 Button Stud Buttons, at 25 cents set.

Solid Gold Necklaces, with Chains, Special at \$1.75.

Manchester Linen Paper, Special at 5 cents quire.

Orange Extract, 65 cents ounce.

Colgate's Extracts, all odors, 43 cents ounce.

Zeno's Highland Heather, 75 cents bottle.

Murray's Louisiana Florida Water, 55 cents bottle.

Pearl Soap, 10 cents cake.

Roger & Gallet's Savon Soap, 20 cents box, 3 cakes to box.

Colgate's Sweet Lavender Soap, 15 cents cake.

Sheffield's Dentifrice, 25 cents bottle.

DeLyon's Tooth Powder, 25 cents box.

Colgate's Turkish Bath Soap, 45 cents dozen.

Colgate's White Wing Soap, 60 cents dozen.

Imperial Ammonia, Special at 8 cents bottle.

Buttermilk Complexion Soap, on Monday and Friday, at 10 cents cake.

Leather Pocket Books, Special at 25 cents each.

CARPETS!

If you are contemplating furnishing, don't buy your Carpets and Draperies until you see our stock. Our patterns are all new, and many designs shown by us cannot be seen elsewhere.

DRAPERIES!

Original designs for artistic drapery work furnished and executed by first-class artists. All styles of work done on short notice.

Linens.

Appealing Bargains.

275 11-4 Marseilles Spreads put on sale for Monday at \$1.50; the \$2.50 sort.

13 pieces 66-inch double Satin Damask worth \$1.15, for tomorrow 73c.

19 pieces 62-inch Cream Damask, 31c, the 50c kind.

506 Remnants Table Linen from 2 to 3 1/2 yards at actually one-half price.

47 dozen open work, tied fringed Towels, worth 22c, at 15c.

100 dozen 22x40 double huck, tied fringe Towels worth 40c, Monday only 25c.

500 dozen checked Linen Doylies at 25c dozen.

25 dozen Crash Towels at 5c each.

The most sublime assortment of hemstitched Table Sets ever brought south.

Eiderdown Quilts.

Sterling Values. Magnificent Styles.

62 very pretty Eiderdown Quilts at \$5 each.

40 elegant Eiderdown Quilts at \$7.23 each.

30 exquisite Eiderdown Quilts at \$8.19 each.

23 sublime, double silk faced Eiderdown Quilts, at \$11.98.

Shoes. Shoes.

Gents' full dress patent leather Shoes, kid or cloth uppers, worth \$5, at \$2.75 a pair.

Gents' hand-welt calf Shoes, equal to any \$5 Shoe at \$3 and \$3.50 a pair.

Ladies' hand-turned dongola button Boots in two styles, opera and common sense, patent leather tips, at \$2, would be a bargain at \$3.25.

Ladies' spring heel Shoes, 2 to 5, at \$1.50.

Children's Shoes at 75c, \$1 and \$1.50.

An elegant line of boys' school Shoes, button and lace, plain and cap toe, at cut prices.

Muslin Underwear.

Ladies' muslin Drawers, hem and cluster of tucks, only 25c a pair.

Ladies' Chemise with band, open front, 25c.

Ladies' Gowns, neatly made, 50c.

Ladies' hand-embroidered, hand-made Chemise, 50c.

Extra muslin Skirts, embroidery ruffle, extra value, 75c.

1 lot French made, hand-embroidered Gowns, a rare bargain at \$1.25.

The best line of Corsets in Atlanta, all styles, popular prices.

Cloaks and Suits.

We feel confident in saying that never in the history of the Dry Goods business of Atlanta, has there been displayed a larger or more complete assortment of Cloaks and Suits than we are prepared to show this season.

Having unlimited facilities, the productions of every market on the globe go to make this the most popular department of its kind in the south.

Our styles are all new and many confined, strictly to our sale. We invite an inspection.

J. M. High & Co.



The most complete Department House in the South.



Tomorrow is our Formal Opening of our various Departments.

OUR GREAT BARGAIN PLAN

FOR TOMORROW AND THIS WEEK!

is to offer inducements throughout our house, in order that we may introduce to you many new things. We have a list today no other house can equal. We have made each department a separate store in itself. Each department, upstairs and downstairs, being under one management, we can afford to sell goods cheaper than those who sell without the department system. Honest, plain American figures on each article. All goods sold at one sensible and reliable price. No fancy prices. Money refunded without a second's hesitation if you are dissatisfied with your purchase:

Dry Goods and Silks at The Fair.

Navy Blue, all wool serge with white half line stripe; worth 75c tomorrow 50c.

All wool, colored and Black Cashmeres; worth 60c, tomorrow 45c.

Neat, changeable Worsted cloths; worth 50c, tomorrow 35c.

Perfected silk, excellent for street wear, 1 1/2 yard wide, in new shades of brown and blue at 74c yard.

New Bronzcloths, worth \$1.50 yard, tomorrow at 85c yard.

Vellour Robes, the very newest for fine costumes, from \$15.45 to \$25.

Bengaline Cloths, in black and colors; tomorrow the 40-inch Bengaline cloth is 95c, and the 45-inch Bengaline cloth is \$1.45. No fabric is more correct in style than Bengaline.

Tomorrow the usual bargain 50c Dress Flannels will be 44c yard.

Navy blue, brown, garnet green, camel's hair, very wide and decidedly smooth and choice cloth at 74c yard for tomorrow.

10 pieces of all-wool Camel's Hair, with silk stripe, a wonderful bargain, tomorrow only 50c at The Fair.

Dress Trimmings at The Fair.

Perian hand trimming at 45c up; all kinds.

New line of jets in all widths.

New trimmings, popular with the Russian styles now in vogue.

New Pearl trimmings.

Changeable Velvets at \$1.98 yard, worth \$2.20.

Changeable Silks at 74c yard.

Perian stripe Silk, to go with Perian hand Trimming, at \$1.24 yard.

Linens at The Fair.

A large 25c Towel, tomorrow for 14c.

Breakfast Napkins at 24c dozen and up.

10-4 Bed Spreads at 74c.

11-4 Bed Spreads at 86c.

12-4 Bed Spreads at \$1.24 (the 22 kind).

New Napkins (dinner) from 60c dozen to \$1 dozen.

New French Damask Table Cloth at 66c yard.

New Tray Cloths, Table, Spasibers, Bouffes Scarfs, Stamped Table Squares in the newest patterns.

Steven's real linen crash, 8c yard.

Domestics at The Fair.

New Chees Cloth at 5c, yard wide.

10-4 Bleached Sheet, good grade, 19c yard.

10-4 Unbleached Sheet, 15c yard.

All wool, wide striped French Flannel, 50c yard.

Cotton Flannel, 5c yard.

Yard wide Bleaching, 5c yard.

Quilt Calico at 5c yard.

Heavy twilled red Flannel (40c kind) at 25c yard.

New Eiderdowns at 50c yard.

The 25c kind of bed ticking at 18c yard, double width.

New Crytomes, extra wide, at 14c yard.

Kid Gloves at The Fair.

The Fair is sole agent for the famous "P. and P." Kid Glove, superior to all others.

Every kind and shade, at the following prices: gloves at \$1.

The 7-hook Chaumont ("P. and P." kid glove) at \$1.25.

The 8-hook Fontaine ("P. and P." kid glove) at \$1.50.

The 8-hook Fontaine ("P. and P." kid glove) at \$1.50.

The 8-button length Berthold ("P. and P." kid glove) at \$1.25.

Having the "P. and P." brand of kid gloves we are far ahead of all other dealers. We can match any shade of dress in kid gloves at The Fair.

Smallware at The Fair.

Whalebone, 5c dozen.

A detailed black and white illustration of a large, ornate, multi-tiered structure, possibly a monument or a large building entrance. The structure features a central arched doorway with a small window above it, and a large rectangular opening above the doorway. The structure is heavily textured with cross-hatching and surrounded by a rough, rocky base.

Read, compare, select and provide answers.
Form, discuss and
present questions, etc. for
the individual class.

PHILLIPS, THE HARPER.

BY MRS. JAMES DARMESTETER.

Cherbourg, July, 1429.

The stronghold of Cherbourg was a sinister object, flanked by its sixteen towers, firmly seated upon its vast dungeons, crowned with enormous battlements, where the soldiers of the English guard made their rounds night and day. And yet, one summer evening in the year 1429, the whole heart of the huge fortress was beating in an intense glow. This glow, the only one of the castle that could claim the slightest cheerfulness, looked out upon a tiny terrace where red and white roses were in bloom. The open shutters gave entrance to the breath of the flowers; a light breeze from the sea shook the great tapestries, pictured with the adventures of Richard Cœur de Lion, which draped the stone walls. But neither the perfume nor the breeze had power to refresh the ailing child, who, lying on a heap of cushions embroidered with roses and leopards, was asleep on the stonewall under a pile of six English physicians hedged in her couch, muttering to one another words incomprehensible to the nurse, a French woman of Cherbourg, who was pale with sorrow and anxiety.

"The thesaurus of Nero," said one, "remains to be tried."

"It is exceedingly strong," said another, "for a young girl of scarcely nine years. I should advise rather to administer a pinch of crushed pearls in a tincture of yew and violets."

A red-haired young man now spoke:

"We might try the treatment now in vogue, because the chamber of the patient with scented silk and play upon the state to cheer her spirits."

"All this is nonsense," growled the old man; "nothing will do but bleeding; but I have already bled her five times, and the child has only a few ounces left in her veins."

At the same time he drew from his book a lancet, beckoning to the nurse to bring a bowl. But she, who understood his gestures better than his words, threw herself in despair at the feet of the astonished savant.

"Ah, since she must die, why torment her, my Antigone, when she is already at the point of passing away? Leave her to me, gentlemen."

"You have already done her so much mischief, and still she is not cured. She is as feeble as a bird. She will breathe her last during this bleeding!" said the youngest of the physicians.

"Fool!" said the old man. "She is only another French woman making up stories."

"But the duke!" cried another. "What will the good Duke Humphrey say if his daughter dies on our hands without having done our duty by her to the utmost?"

"The duke is in England," said the nurse. "He will know nothing of it."

The physicians, certain of the approaching death of their patient and delighted at heart to lay aside their responsibility, went on muttering English in a low voice; after a few moments they decided to withdraw, solemnly and as if against their better judgment.

"May the blood of this child be upon your heads, nurse!" said the old man, with strong emphasis.

Three weeks later the good city of Cherbourg was humming with reports of the miraculous cure worked upon the little person of Madame Antigone daughter of the duke of Gloucester, the uncle of the king and the governor of Cherbourg; a cure which composed, said Marion, her nurse, of fresh air, quiet and innocent warm broths, but which was, nevertheless, attributed to occult powers, deemed superior to those which brought to Nora, the old fish bones sester, a superhuman respect throughout the continent. The physicians, slightly unimpaired before this unexpected for resurrection, called attention to the fact that the child was not yet quite strong. In fact, she wandered about in the castle, staggering and feeble; she was a little phantom, as white as snow under her magnificent Saxon hair; not yet wholly called back from the pale and distant gates of death.

Marion was in despair over this anemia. Her songs no longer had power to soothe the little girl to sleep, who lay smiling with her eyes wide open. All the birds that fly and all the fishes in the sea might have died in vain to tempt the appetite of the child princess.

Marion for the hundredth time, perhaps, one evening when she was slicing a blue jelly "well sprats."

"I can't," replied the child, as usual. But seeing the tears which sprang into Marion's eyes, she exclaimed: "I will try, I will try, if you fill my plate with my favorite, I will tell me some stories."

"Captain Humphrey?" said Marion, with a shade of displeasure. "Do you still have about this big man?"

"Yes, I am very fond of him," replied the child.

"Oh, I love him, I love him because he is so strong."

Marion heaved a deep sigh. "Ah, you are so English! For my part, you see, my little friend, I love a thousand times more because they are so weak!"

"And what are they, these two things?" asked the child, deeply interested.

"They are you, my Antigone—and France."

The little girl threw her arms around her nurse's neck.

"I, too," she cried, "I, too, love France! And I love thee also, and I love Phillip!"

And she began to prattle so charmingly that a smile came upon Marion's face, and yet the sprats were not to be had. After a moment the nurse perceived this.

"Come," said she, "we are forgetting our supper. I will go this instant to find your big captain, since I must."

"Yes, yes! Humphrey, Humphrey!" cried the little girl clapping her hands.

With a heavy step Captain Humphrey followed Marion to the couch of the invalid child. He was a tall, handsome, red-haired man with eyes that shone like steel gray eyes. He had at the moment a care-burdened air, in spite of the smile he kept for his little girl friend alone. He was a strong, stern man, who in his life had had no weakness with which to reproach himself, who had never pardoned weakness in another. He was deeply feared and highly honored. No one loved him except his master child.

"Humphrey! Humphrey!" cried the little girl, eager than ever at the approach of her favorite. "Sit down here, my good Humphrey and tell me quickly the story of King Renaud."

"Ah, no, Madame!" said the captain, frowning in answer. "If I tell you anything this evening it will be the good old stories of other days, but the sad story of today, a story which is true, and which concerns you, Madame."

"I like that a hundred times better!" cried the child. "King Humphrey! you will see, nurse, with what appetite I shall eat."

"The captain smiled for an instant in his beard, but his voice quickly grew sober, and he began his story in a grave and sad tone."

"There was once upon a time a king, a perfectly noble, upright and brave king, and this king had the right to a neighboring country, while robbers were trying to wrest from him. The king knew that it was the will of God that he should rule over this country in which the poor people suffered a thousand ills from those who were wicked and cruel."

went to war against the wrong. And he overcame it three times; at Cracy, at Pithers, at Amboise, and God gave the power to his hands."

A murmur of dumb rage escaped Marion's lips. And the captain went on:

"And for a time the people blessed the king who guided them in the furrow. But there were in the country traders and demagogues who aroused the people against the king. And the people bit the hand which nourished them."

"And yet, Madame, young as you are, you have seen what peace and what abundance we have brought back to his poor abandoned country. All around Cherbourg you have often seen the rich farms which yield to whole colonies the harvest twice as rich as those of the time of the old farmers. In Humphrey street and Gloucester street you have seen the fine stone houses of the highways, the Cobhams and of the other London merchants, where, in the time of the French, there was a little more than a few stalls, and you know that we, who live here, devote ourselves entirely, in heart and in thought, to the greatest good of English-France."

"France! oh, France!" cried the nurse, unable to restrain herself.

The captain looked at her with an instant with a vacant eye, and turning again to the child, went on:

"Well, you must know that all our efforts have proven in vain in the eyes of an ungrateful people. Madame, France is rising against us!"

"I know it," said Antigone, with a little air of understanding.

"What, you know it?" cried the captain; "you know that what shame withens the locks of your father? You know how this foolish, light and inconstant nation has made herself a God after her own image, like herself, a woman, like herself a maiden, and like herself, I cannot speak the word to you—a sorceress and still worse! Have they told you that this child of the devil has defeated us three times? That our knights have succumbed to the enchanted staff of a witch? Ah! you are well informed, and I should like well to know the source of your news! But I warn you, Madame, that this is not for long, and that these riders of a broomstick in the little town will come to an evil end. We shall soon have her, their Joan, and we will burn her to a good faggot. We will burn her, as is just, and out of her mouth will be seen to fly a swarm of lies, enchantments and other hideous imps, which will

handsome, prince in the land. Then the two nations will be like two sisters. They will make war on the Turks and will throw them into a dark dungeon. They will drive the holy Saracens to the sea. They will be pleased and the French and English will be each as happy as the other."

"That is not altogether as pretty as Phillipon tells of the blood, because I am so tired tonight. But this is very near the sense of it, seems to me."

"Phillipon, who is that?" asked the captain, biting his beard. "May I take care of it?"

"Oh! you know him well, Humphrey. He is my good Phillipon, the Harper, Phillip, the Cat."

And the child laughed a little shrill and sickly laugh.

"You know the man with the blue eyes who lives at the corner of quay Saint Louis?"

"Humphrey street!" said the captain a spite of himself.

"Oh! here, we always say the quay Saint Louis."

The captain repressed an impulse of anger.

"I have promised your nurse, my princess," he said as he rose. "I will send her the little girl, exhausted by so many questions, to bed without her care. But, whatever you may hear said when your old Humphrey is not there, never forget, Madame, that you are the daughter of the Duke of Gloucester. Pray for your father that he may vanquish his enemies. God preserve you and your friend. May he keep you clear from all infamy and all reproach. May he take care of you as Daniel in the lions' den. Farewell!"

Two gentlemen accompanied Marion to the door of the room. She came in alone, and kneeling quickly by Antigone's side murmured in her ear:

"Oh yes, said the child: 'I was obliged to see you again until I had told my story. And so, as you may believe, I told him all very quickly.'"

Marion clasped the little girl in her arms and kissed her with a stifled sob.

"Child! Child! Must I tell you that of having brought you back from death?"

The little girl, exhausted by so many questions, began to cry in the desolate solitude of children who suffer. Marion, for the first time, did not lavish consolation on her. She was about to introduce the French defenders of Mount Saint Michel into the fortress at Cherbourg.

But what a fatality that the words of Antigone should have given to Humphrey.

"In the name of the king, I arrest you."

ronst her in the first, which cleanseth all things."

"But," objected Antigone, "that is not the way that Phillipon tells me the story of the maid."

"The story of the maid!" thundered the captain, "the maid!" Then tell me this story, Madame, for I would give half a peasant to hear how it is told to the niece of the king of England."

"Well, then," began the child.

"But, no! no! cried Marion. 'Do not make her talk so much! She has fever, she will be ill by night. For the love of God, go away, captain. For it seems to me, without intending reproach, that you know but little about calling sick children!'

"I know what I am doing!" said Humphrey, facing her with his piercing eyes, "and I shall go as soon as I am assured upon certain sufficiently serious things. To that end I must hear the child's story. Begin then, Madame."

"Antigone!" cried Marion, do not speak; I forbid you!"

"Dance Marion," rejoined the captain, "in the name of the king, I arrest you."

IV

"This is only a game, Madame, my friend," said the big captain, when the archer had let Marion advance and pressed the hand of the weeping little girl. "It is only a game of hide and seek; she will come back very soon. I make oath to you. You shall tell me your pretty story and immediately after, I assure you I will give Marion back."

"It is really only a game? I shall see her again pretty soon?"

"Certainly, pet! Only tell me the story of the maid."

"It was once upon a time," began the little girl. But hesitation seized her. She looked at Humphrey underlined and anxious.

"What's the matter?" asked the soldiers. "It is because Marion has forbidden me to tell my story."

Impatience darkened his brow.

"But for my part, I command you to tell it," said he. "It is I who am your guardian, and Marion is only your servant. And so, to punish her for insolence, she shall not come back here until you have told me your tale."

"Tears came to the child's eyes."

"I thought it was only a play," said she.

It is play, in truth, but it seems to me that it is played little too well. Humphrey looked so severe, that the little girl, seized with fear and respect, quickly began to tell her story in a fine, clear and veiled voice.

"It was once upon a time, said she, 'and there was a beautiful country—that was France—and the English took and kept it. Then God was angry with the English, who are the strongest of all nations, because they were making war upon the good French instead of fighting the Turks. And then there was a beautiful girl, and God told her to go and drive away the English, and that he would give her in Heaven the half of his kingdom. Then she took a sword and a banner and mounted her horse to go to war. Because she is a virgin, she has no power against her; so she always goes in triumph. Because you know, God protects her. And as she rides along through the thickets she drives the English far, far away down to the sea. And when she shall have driven them back to the sea, she will put on a beautiful robe of the colors of the sky, and she will extend her fair, sacred hand to the king of England, who will offer him peace in her gentle voice, and she will marry the

handsome, prince in the land. Then the two nations will be like two sisters. They will make war on the Turks and will throw them into a dark dungeon. They will drive the holy Saracens to the sea. They will be pleased and the French and English will be each as happy as the other."

"That is not altogether as pretty as Phillipon tells of the blood, because I am so tired tonight. But this is very near the sense of it, seems to me."

"Phillipon, who is that?" asked the captain, biting his beard. "May I take care of it?"

"Oh! you know him well, Humphrey. He is my good Phillipon, the Harper, Phillip, the Cat."

And the child laughed a little shrill and sickly laugh.

"You know the man with the blue eyes who lives at the corner of quay Saint Louis?"

"Humphrey street!" said the captain a spite of himself.

"Oh! here, we always say the quay Saint Louis."

The captain repressed an impulse of anger.

"I have promised your nurse, my princess," he said as he rose. "I will send her the little girl, exhausted by so many questions, to bed without her care. But, whatever you may hear said when your old Humphrey is not there, never forget, Madame, that you are the daughter of the Duke of Gloucester. Pray for your father that he may vanquish his enemies. God preserve you and your friend. May he keep you clear from all infamy and all reproach. May he take care of you as Daniel in the lions' den. Farewell!"

Two gentlemen accompanied Marion to the door of the room. She came in alone, and kneeling quickly by Antigone's side murmured in her ear:

"Oh yes, said the child: 'I was obliged to see you again until I had told my story. And so, as you may believe, I told him all very quickly.'"

Marion clasped the little girl in her arms and kissed her with a stifled sob.

"Child! Child! Must I tell you that of having brought you back from death?"

The little girl, exhausted by so many questions, began to cry in the desolate solitude of children who suffer. Marion, for the first time, did not lavish consolation on her. She was about to introduce the French defenders of Mount Saint Michel into the fortress at Cherbourg.

But what a fatality that the words of Antigone should have given to Humphrey.

"In the name of the king, I arrest you."

ronst her in the first, which cleanseth all things."

"But," objected Antigone, "that is not the way that Phillipon tells me the story of the maid."

"The story of the maid!" thundered the captain, "the maid!" Then tell me this story, Madame, for I would give half a peasant to hear how it is told to the niece of the king of England."

"Well, then," began the child.

"But, no! no! cried Marion. 'Do not make her talk so much! She has fever, she will be ill by night. For the love of God, go away, captain. For it seems to me, without intending reproach, that you know but little about calling sick children!'

"I know what I am doing!" said Humphrey, facing her with his piercing eyes, "and I shall go as soon as I am assured upon certain sufficiently serious things. To that end I must hear the child's story. Begin then, Madame."

"Antigone!" cried Marion, do not speak; I forbid you!"

"Dance Marion," rejoined the captain, "in the name of the king, I arrest you."

IV

"This is only a game, Madame, my friend," said the big captain, when the archer had let Marion advance and pressed the hand of the weeping little girl. "It is only a game of hide and seek; she will come back very soon. I make oath to you. You shall tell me your pretty story and immediately after, I assure you I will give Marion back."

"It is really only a game? I shall see her again pretty soon?"

"Certainly, pet! Only tell me the story of the maid."

"It was once upon a time," began the little girl. But hesitation seized her. She looked at Humphrey underlined and anxious.

"What's the matter?" asked the soldiers. "It is because Marion has forbidden me to tell my story."

Impatience darkened his brow.

"But for my part, I command you to tell it," said he. "It is I who am your guardian, and Marion is only your servant. And so, to punish her for insolence, she shall not come back here until you have told me your tale."

"Tears came to the child's eyes."

"I thought it was only a play," said she.

It is play, in truth, but it seems to me that it is played little too well. Humphrey looked so severe, that the little girl, seized with fear and respect, quickly began to tell her story in a fine, clear and veiled voice.

"It was once upon a time, said she, 'and there was a beautiful country—that was France—and the English took and kept it. Then God was angry with the English, who are the strongest of all nations, because they were making war upon the good French instead of fighting the Turks. And then there was a beautiful girl, and God told her to go and drive away the English, and that he would give her in Heaven the half of his kingdom. Then she took a sword and a banner and mounted her horse to go to war. Because she is a virgin, she has no power against her; so she always goes in triumph. Because you know, God protects her. And as she rides along through the thickets she drives the English far, far away down to the sea. And when she shall have driven them back to the sea, she will put on a beautiful robe of the colors of the sky, and she will extend her fair, sacred hand to the king of England, who will offer him peace in her gentle voice, and she will marry the

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son committing. You will keep this a secret, I hope, nurse?"

"Oh, for that matter," said Marion, laughing, "I promise you! And do you also keep it to the oak." And she laughed nervously.

"I thank you for your goodness."

She was already outside the fortress. She had defied the anger of the most smilingly. She did not love untruth, but she was a woman and took pleasure in using stratagem with the honest trait. Thanks to her cunning penetration, she would save the lives of many. She quickly walked the length of the quay, to the corner where stood the old house of Phillip the Cat.

All was dark and deserted there. Marion called softly three times; no one replied. She pushed open the door and entered a large hall which was absolutely empty, feebly lighted by the sunset. She looked in the corner, the harp was not there; Phillip had gone then, to a distance perhaps, far in the continent. She sighed with relief. Then, recalling the real object of her visit, she went swiftly to the fireplace, knelt there, lifted one of the tiles of the hearth, and possessed herself of a dozen sheets of paper which she found hidden there. These were the list of men, inventories of arms, indications of hour and place, and the whole correspondence between the conspirators of Cherbourg. Then she looked at the list of names, hid in her bosom these papers of life and death, carefully replaced the tile which had covered them, went out in silence and continued her walk toward the sea. A tide was high; great waves broke upon the quay. She looked quickly about in all directions; there was no one in sight. She stopped, picked up a heavy ribbon from her hair, and with the ribbon from her hair and, with more than the strength of a woman's arms, she flung into the bosom of the sea, the secret of the new birth of her country.

VI

Returning to the fortress, the sort of comfort which had flooded Marion's heart, she stopped, picked up a heavy ribbon from her hair, and with the ribbon from her hair and, with more than the strength of a woman's arms, she flung into the bosom of the sea, the secret of the new birth of her country.

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COLONEL R. F. MADDOX.

He Has Been a Resident of Atlanta for More Than Thirty Years.

And Has Materially Aided in Her Growth While He Has Flourished in Her Prosperity.

No city in America is more signally fortunate in the number and quality of its public men than the city of Atlanta, and the boys who are now growing up to fill positions of honor and responsibility in the state have only to "look around them," as it were, for examples of sturdy growth and of stalwart integrity.

Few men have obtained a wider distinction since coming to Atlanta, or have reaped more bountifully from that harvest of effort which they have planted upon her "red old hills" than Colonel R. F. Maddox. Colonel Maddox has spent more than half of his life, and earned the entire bulk of his fortune right here in Atlanta. He was first a citizen of that old metropolis that was fired by the torch of General Sherman, and that fell in 1864 as the funeral sacrifice of the old confederacy. When the war was over he returned to Atlanta, and plunging into the brick and mortar that covered her streets he applied himself to his work with a "lick and a promise." He seemed to catch in his energy the spirit with which Atlanta herself sprang up from the ashes and became the citadel of the south.

Since then he has been a constant and active citizen of Atlanta, contributing to every movement that has had for its object the good and the growth of the city, and sharing abundantly in that recon-

struction of a few miles from his home and between which intervened a number of old fields through which he had to pass. Colonel Maddox derived his education. He repaired to the schoolhouse early and remained until late in the afternoon. But the boys were not so rigidly governed that they did not occasionally usurp the professors' hickory and brandish it over his own head. Some times they would take him down to the creek and duck his head in the water until he yelled out "that's enough boys, you can have your own way."

"I've frequently been after hickory bark," said Colonel Maddox, "for the purpose of trying the teacher to a tree, and the boys thought it great fun to get the best of the old fellow and to see him completely at bay. Then we had to work hard and every morning the teacher would send us out after fagots to kindle a fire with. Then we would have to pore over our books and study away until dinner time."

When Colonel Maddox was not engaged in the prosecution of his studies his father put him to work, for though he had plenty of slaves, he believed in the gospel of hard work. He thus developed into a powerful young man, and when only eighteen years old he had the strength of any young man in the community. In fact, he was regarded as the strongest man in the county, irrespective of age. He has been fortunate enough to continue his strength until the

present day, and now at the age of sixty, he is still hale and hearty man. He says that he never went to a school in which he couldn't outrun or outjump any boy in the school.

His father gave him a patch of ground at the age of fourteen which he carefully tilled, and from the proceeds of which his pocket money was generally filled. He thus acquired the habit of industry that has prospered him through life in his financial career.

When he reached the age of maturity he was always regarded, in the matter of agricultural resources, as one of the leading counties of the state, and the same fertility that has prospered his vegetable and fruit crops has also made him one of the leading counties of the state in the matter of cotton and other crops. He has been carried with them in their subsequent fortunes the opulent resources of his native country.

Colonel Maddox descended from a long and distinguished line of ancestors who worshipped in the faith of the Methodist religion and belonged to that "bold yeomanry" that Goldsmith has celebrated as their "country's pride." His paternal grandfather, Nottley Maddox, was a captain of artillery in the war of the revolution, and distinguished himself by his gallant behavior as well as the number of battles in which he impelled his life for his country. His father, Edward Maddox, was a man of fine sense and of consecrated piety, and as such was not only a pillar in the Methodist churches, but a leader among the "laboring swains" of the county. He kept an open house and his hospitality was a byword, not only with the neighbors who lived in the close vicinity, but by every traveler who journeyed along the road and who made it a point to stop at the Maddox homestead. Not far from his residence he established a church and filled it up with his own means. Everything around the homestead partook of the characteristics of old-time southern life. The rooms were large and the chimneys ran up from the outside to mingle their smoke with the bougie the spread themselves over the roof. The broad acres of corn and cotton that extended in every direction around the dwelling were cultivated by slaves who sang as they worked in the field and were given their holidays for logging and other festivities which they enjoyed in the old plantation style.

Such was the life to which Colonel Maddox was introduced and such were the circumstances in which his birth and early manhood were reared.

While yet in his gay, young trousers, his father emigrated from Putnam and established his family in Troup county. There were no good roads or bridges in those days and country travel was, by no means, as pleasant as it is now. From a log schoolhouse that was perched up in the

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Colonel Maddox descended from a long and distinguished line of ancestors who worshipped in the faith of the Methodist religion and belonged to that "bold yeomanry" that Goldsmith has celebrated as their "country's pride." His paternal grandfather, Nottley Maddox, was a captain of artillery in the war of the revolution, and distinguished himself by his gallant behavior as well as the number of battles in which he impelled his life for his country. His father, Edward Maddox, was a man of fine sense and of consecrated piety, and as such was not only a pillar in the Methodist churches, but a leader among the "laboring swains" of the county. He kept an open house and his hospitality was a byword, not only with the neighbors who lived in the close vicinity, but by every traveler who journeyed along the road and who made it a point to stop at the Maddox homestead. Not far from his residence he established a church and filled it up with his own means. Everything around the homestead partook of the characteristics of old-time southern life. The rooms were large and the chimneys ran up from the outside to mingle their smoke with the bougie the spread themselves over the roof. The broad acres of corn and cotton that extended in every direction around the dwelling were cultivated by slaves who sang as they worked in the field and were given their holidays for logging and other festivities which they enjoyed in the old plantation style.

Such was the life to which Colonel Maddox was introduced and such were the circumstances in which his birth and early manhood were reared.

While yet in his gay, young trousers, his father emigrated from Putnam and established his family in Troup county. There were no good roads or bridges in those days and country travel was, by no means, as pleasant as it is now. From a log schoolhouse that was perched up in the

woods a few miles from his home and between which intervened a number of old fields through which he had to pass, Colonel Maddox derived his education. He repaired to the schoolhouse early and remained until late in the afternoon. But the boys were not so rigidly governed that they did not occasionally usurp the professors' hickory and brandish it over his own head. Some times they would take him down to the creek and duck his head in the water until he yelled out "that's enough boys, you can have your own way."

"I've frequently been after hickory bark," said Colonel Maddox, "for the purpose of trying the teacher to a tree, and the boys thought it great fun to get the best of the old fellow and to see him completely at bay. Then we had to work hard and every morning the teacher would send us out after fagots to kindle a fire with. Then we would have to pore over our books and study away until dinner time."

When Colonel Maddox was not engaged in the prosecution of his studies his father put him to work, for though he had plenty of slaves, he believed in the gospel of hard work. He thus developed into a powerful young man, and when only eighteen years old he had the strength of any young man in the community. In fact, he was regarded as the strongest man in the county, irrespective of age. He has been fortunate enough to continue his strength until the

present day, and now at the age of sixty, he is still hale and hearty man. He says that he never went to a school in which he couldn't outrun or outjump any boy in the school.

His father gave him a patch of ground at the age of fourteen which he carefully tilled, and from the proceeds of which his pocket money was generally filled. He thus acquired the habit of industry that has prospered him through life in his financial career.

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and the low price of cotton, iron, lumber etc. and with the recent trouble with our railroads. However, time will adjust all these difficulties and in the meantime the people will buy Atlanta real estate."

Mr. V. L. Stanton, of Waycross is in the city visiting his brother, Mr. Frank Stanton. Mr. V. L. Stanton has written more life insurance in one year than any agent in Georgia outside of one or two larger cities. He is general agent of the Equitable Life Assurance Society and received the highest compliment paid any of the company's southern agents for last year's work. For years he was connected with the Savannah, Florida and Western railway. He is a thorough business man and one of the leading citizens of his section.

The Augusta Evening Herald, discussing the career of Mr. R. T. Wilson, unfolds a story full of romance. Fifty years ago R. T. Wilson was a poor country lad in North Georgia. He found his way to New York, and by dint of talent, energy and opportunity, made a great deal of money. He is now a millionaire, the sources of his opulence being cotton and railway speculation or investment. To get in the best society of New York, or what is called the "millionaire" society, is not always easy for mere wealth. There are some great and little millionaires. From all accounts, who never did succeed in penetrating the inner circle of society, although they made persistent efforts to accomplish that purpose. By some charm or other, Mr. Wilson was admitted to the abodes of "the cream of the cream." One of his daughters married Ogden Goetz, a millionaire of high standing. Another is the wife of the earl of Pembroke's brother. One of his sons married Miss Caroline Astor. And now, still another daughter, a great beauty, and the best dressed belle in New York, is about to marry Hon. Cecil Baring, the second son of Lord Revelstoke. This Lord Revelstoke is supposed to have caused the financial downfall of which he was the victim. The most renowned of the family was John Ashburton.

A local report says that Mr. R. T. Wilson, by the recent sale of one of his southern railroads to the Illinois Central, has doubled if not trebled his own private fortune, and that he has a net worth of \$1,000,000, which will place him in the most enviable social position in London. When wandering around the Piedmont escarpment, bare-legged and penniless, little did this Georgia boy, however imaginative, dream of what the years were to bring him and his family. And many a poor boy in Georgia may be reserved for just such wonderful transformations. And yet, the boys who never realize any such brilliant worldly advancement, but are true to themselves, may, in the end, rejoice at their obscurity and indigence. A very eminent man of lofty character and accredited virtue, whose rise to distinction was far beyond that of R. T. Wilson, in all save money, once said seriously: "I tremble at my success. I fear that the destiny against me may be, in another world, 'Son, thou hast had thy reward!'"

Colonel E. M. Black has been absent in Fayetteville for the past week, but has returned to the city.

Attorney General Little is in the city and will remain here for some time, as he is under the care of Dr. Hobbs for the treatment of his eyes.

A choice selection of artistic designs in sterling silver ware for wedding presents, Maier & Berke, 61 and 63 Whitehall St.

Fulton Gun Club.

At a meeting of the club Friday it was decided to have a grand clay-pigeon tournament during the week of the great "festival." The club expects to make a grand success of this shoot as they have assurance that the members of the old times with Dr. Scott, who has been written in one of his books:

"Since these areal days we have both had our trials and successes, but we often think and perchance dream by the light of Pine mountain and its picturesque views, and of the charming views through which murmur the beautiful streams along whose banks we fished and frolicked in boyhood."

Colonel Maddox is now living in his beautiful home on Peachtree street. The building that handsome edifice bears witness to the care and the diligence with which he has been the architect of his own fortune. He has quietly, but with a certain air of modesty, the distance in memory through which he has traveled without feeling the rebuke that is often the penalty of retrospection. He loves to dream over the old times with Dr. Scott, who has been written in one of his books:

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THERE IS HOPE

For every one who has blood trouble, no matter in what shape or how long standing, provided none of the vital organs have been so far impaired as to render a cure impossible. S. & S. Co. goes to the root of the disease, and removes the cause, by expelling the poison from the body, and the blood is then able to do its whole duty. However bad your case may be, there is hope.

FOR YOU.

Cured most of a most malignant type of chronic blood trouble, for which I had used various other remedies without effect. My weight increased, and my health improved in every way. I consider S. & S. Co. the best tonic I ever used.

Dr. A. W. Vassar, Midway, Ga.
Treatise on blood, skin and contagious blood poisons mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

FACING THE CHOLERA.

Keep cool! The plague can't reach you if you do the right thing at the right time. Cholera takes hold and runs its deadly course through the system, and when the membranes of the stomach and bowels are diseased.

LOOK TO THE SECRETS!
See that they are healthy and perfect. Put the liver to natural work. This assures digestion and nutrition. Avoid unripe fruits and unwholesome meat. Cook everything, even water. Clean up the membranes of stomach and bowels at once, with

Dr. Schenck's Mandrake Pills
They carry away all disease germs and all poisonous matter. They assure perfectly healthy and natural secretions. They turn the liver to the account of digestion and nutrition, quickly, safely, thoroughly. Keep head cool, feet warm, skin clean.

Schenck's Mandrake Pills
have been tested in many a cholera epidemic. They do for the

Stomach, Liver and Bowels
Just what sanitary science says should be done with deranged, clogged, and the outer person. They clean and purify the system, and the alimentary channels in order, and in perfect order.

Avoid stimulants. Clear their effects out of the system at once with the MANDRAKE PILLS. Put the alimentary channels in order, and in perfect order.

In cholera epidemics, and all others involving the liver, stomach and bowels, more cases are cured by the use of the MANDRAKE PILLS of Dr. Schenck's Mandrake Pills than by any other agency or remedy.

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Our entire stock of Dry Goods, Millinery, Gents' Furnishings and Shoes, together with the good will and office and store fixtures. Annual sales, \$50,000. Increasing business. Excellent business opportunity to a live man. Address, W. H. Hunt & Co.

SICK HEADACHE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
Positively Cured By. They regulate the bowels and prevent constipation. Are free from all crude and irritating matter. Very small; easy to take; no pain; no griping. Purely Vegetable. Sugar Coated.

They regulate the bowels and prevent constipation. Are free from all crude and irritating matter. Very small; easy to take; no pain; no griping. Purely Vegetable. Sugar Coated.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price. Beware of Imitations and Ask for CARTER'S and see you get C. & T. E. R. S.

MANHOOD!

How Lost! How Regained!
THE SCIENCE OF LIFE.
KNOW THYSELF.
OF SELF-PRESERVATION. A new and only Gold Medal Prize Essay on NERVOUS AND PHYSICAL DEBILITY, EXHAUSTION, YOUTH, EXHAUSTED VITALITY, PRE-MATURE DECLINE, AND ALL DISEASES OF THE NERVOUS SYSTEM. 100 pages, 16 illustrations, 16 cents.

KNOW THYSELF

HAND WEAVING.

How Countess Hamilton Teaches It in London.

THE OCCUPATION OF PENELOPE.

Swedish Looms and Their Results—A Beautiful and Fashionable Employment for the Ladies.

Paris, September 15.—(Special Correspondence.)—The dim future of needlework at the hands of American women would be an interesting subject for speculation. It involves a guess at our ideal coming woman and how she will spend her time, together with a consideration of the possibilities of the needle as a means of art expression. Sometimes I should like to discuss it. Today I have a short word about a kindred subject; hand weaving, one of the oldest occupations for women in the world, yet absolutely new to the last generations of Americans; now the favored occupation of women of rank and of leisure in Denmark and Sweden, and being at this moment taken up by the fine world of London as a fashionable pastime. Hand weaving being fashionable is an interesting even if there were no better to say of it than that everything Danish goes in London cause of the Princess of Wales. It is, however, worth attention on its own merits, and in no need of fictitious bolstering.

For my knowledge of the Swedish looms and their practicability for amateur work, I am indebted to a young Swedish lady, Mlle. Novregard, who has brought these looms to London and established a school there, at 12 Queen's Road, Bayswater,



THE TREADLE LOOM.

where with the help of the Countess Hamilton she is teaching their use to the ladies of London. I had the pleasure at Madame's school of seeing the looms and their results, and conceived thereupon a lively desire to introduce them to the attention of my own country women.

Hand weaving is not only ancient and fashionable, but it is one of the most beautiful occupations in the world. It possesses the double advantages of making the worker look beautiful and of producing beautiful results. The natural poses of one at the loom are highly agreeable; so agreeable that no woman of the least vanity who had ever seen them would be able to rest till she herself possessed the wherewithal to look so fascinating. Why does a woman look so well at the loom? Because the relations between the worker and the work are aesthetically satisfactory. Ordinary sewing or embroidery is held in the lap or supported by the hands and the effect produced on the eyes by the pose is that of fatigue. "Hamish Binding Shoes" is a symbol of the effort even though the thing worked on be an embroidery of gold.

Elegance is missed when the worker must support a burden, for then the work dominates the woman. But here the work is fixed on the loom and from this results a superior aesthetic condition. The woman here dominates the work. It supports itself and she is free. It lays no burden upon her, but she manipulates it at will, as the artist stands off and regards his canvas. For myself, having seen Countess Hamilton at her loom, I can understand how on this single count hand weaving has come into fashion. In my own mind there is not the slightest doubt that Penelope at her immortal loom not only kept her persistent suitors at bay but also enticed them on.

Weaving has other delights. There is



Mlle. Novregard.

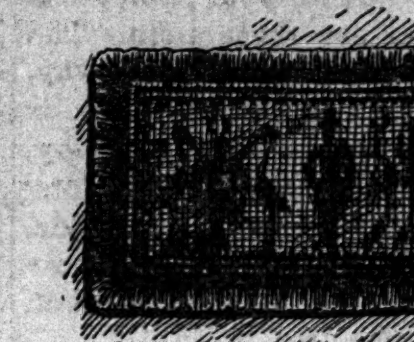
the pleasure of creating a whole out of nothing. You sit down to the loom with only warp and shuttles there. Presently texture begins to appear. Colors come and take form; the fingers fly over the warp, and the fabric grows and grows, until a whole has been produced that—pardon the heterodoxy—puts the South Kensington abominations to shame. For embroidery in the hands of an artist can result in something beautiful, but it is necessary to the beauty of an embroidered or any other fabric that there be such a congruity between its pattern and its ground as shall make them seem to have been the work of one person, a relation not easy to establish between a needle-worked pattern and a machine-woven ground, a point much neglected by our embroidery schools.

What shall the American woman weave on her loom? What she wills, to be sure. All the forms of love or life that pass across the mirror of her fancy; like the lady of Shalott, "A magic web with colors gay," hangings for her chamber, or draperies for her couch, or utilities only—towels or clothing for the poor. The boundaries are fixed only by taste and patience. In Sweden and Denmark in past days the peasants wove their country folkways into hangings and seat covers, with which on holidays they loved to deck their cottages. Now that the loom in those lands has found its way into the palace, the women of fashion weave the same folk lore for her boudoir hangings.

Out of the variety of looms two are recommended by Mlle. Novregard, and Countess Hamilton, as being practicable for amateur use. The first is a two-treadle loom with horizontal warp, that occupies a floor space of some thirty inches square, which makes it not too cumbersome for a lady's morning room. At this loom the weaver sits at a piano, and the paper patterns in colors, smaller than the woven

copy will be, is placed above as a sheet of music is placed. The warp which one might liken to a keyboard is an unbleached and the weft carries the color. The weaver raising part of the warp threads with the treadle, throws the shuttles through and through, from side to side, with the hands, and thus reproduces the pattern. Either linen or wool can be used; silk also, but that its threads are too fine for the patience of the ordinary amateur; and several different weaves are possible in this loom. Everybody knows what a plain weave is. It is that of which the ancient women of Egypt made their winding sheets and that of which we make our bed linen today.

There is a cross stitch in colors on these old mummy clothes—how wonderfully beautiful they are!—the same cross stitch we can weave in the same plain field. There is pictured here a linen strip with cross

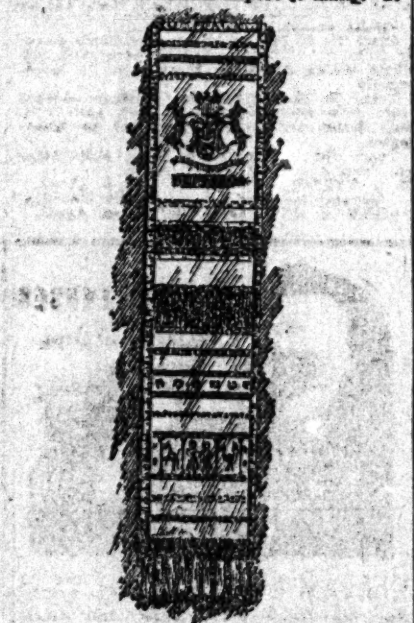


Folk-lore design—the Christening—woven in "dugagang."

stitch in colors into which the Countess Hamilton has woven her own crest. The linen weaving possibilities are very large indeed. A linen towel with colored pattern in the ends can, Mlle. Novregard tells me, be woven in a day if the worker is constant. I have seen Countess Hamilton wearing an apron she had woven herself, of linen with colored cross stitch bands, very charming indeed. The blouses woven of linen, with colored cross stitch bands, so beautiful and fashionable under the name of Russian doilies, lunch cloths and table strips, in fine there is an infinite number of things that every woman wants, and that are so much more beautiful when made by hand.

With wool there is a possible besides the plain weave, the "transflossa," which has the threads highly raised and cut, giving an effect like a Smyrna carpet. This stitch is useful for cushions, footstools, rugs, etc. Also a stitch called "dugagang," that has a ground like Gobelin, and the figure slightly raised, in a stitch like damask embroidery. In this last I saw woven some of the northern folk lore into strips for chair backs. A piece of this work is illustrated here. It is very interesting. It shows a christening with the font, the stocks, emblems of fortune, the parents, etc., all admirably arranged for decorative effect.

The width of the fabric the loom allows is twenty-seven inches, which is sufficient for all practical purposes of the amateur. If it is desired to make a wider piece, as for hangings, strips are sewed together after the manner of those Turkish hangings of which our merchants import so many.



Lines Strip Woven by Countess Hamilton, with Her Crest.

will weave also anything narrower, to the smallest strip. On Mlle's loom was made a set of ribbons or bands of linen with colored pattern, that trimmed most uniquely a gown worn at the Hanley regatta this year. The other loom stands upright and takes up no more space than a screen. It is about three feet wide and from four to five feet high. The warp is vertical like the strings of a harp, and it suggests a harp except that its outline is rectangular and the operation more agreeably placed. There are no treadles to this loom, but the pattern is formed in and out of the warp with small bobbins through a limited number of the warp threads, according to the measure of the pattern, which is laid just behind and reproduced of the same size, each color being put opposite its respective color in the pattern.

The work done on this loom is like Gobelin tapestry, and very beautiful and indestructible. A hanging woven in this might be an heirloom for centuries. It has only one drawback; execution is slow. But if the worker cannot be it makes her surroundings so quickly beautiful, she can be happy in the knowledge that seated on the low stool and fingering the bobbins she herself will look ravishing and be a worthy subject for a painter.

There are small ribbon looms on which only narrow strips can be made, but these are not recommended for the amateur, as narrow strips can be woven on the larger loom. There is also a large double construction loom on which work can be done twice as fast as on the hand loom. It is too large and clumsy for the amateur, but if a woman proposed to make her living by weaving it would be used to advantage. It weaves a strip a yard and a half wide and costs about fifty dollars.

The retail price in Sweden for the two looms I have described is, I learn through the kindness of the Swedish consul at London, for the Gobelin tapestry loom, £17.50. There are a few extra, but the last, however, several extra, the shuttle, temple, spooling machine, etc., that brings the price up to about \$125.00. The cost of transportation must be added, but this could not amount to a great deal. Warp ready prepared costs about 75 cents a pound. One pound will make



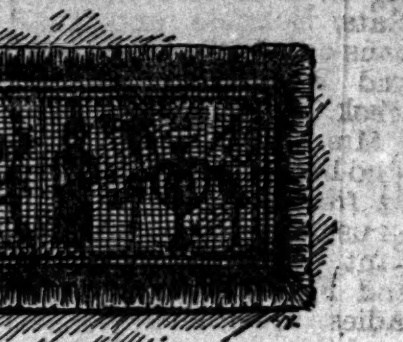
THE GOBELIN TAPESTRY LOOM.

looms I have described is, I learn through the kindness of the Swedish consul at London, for the Gobelin tapestry loom, £17.50. There are a few extra, but the last, however, several extra, the shuttle, temple, spooling machine, etc., that brings the price up to about \$125.00. The cost of transportation must be added, but this could not amount to a great deal. Warp ready prepared costs about 75 cents a pound. One pound will make

three large cushions or their equivalent. Go buy a loom and such material as would fit the treadle is do 2 lin-Bedde use it. About the only thing a beginner would find much trouble in doing by herself would be to put new warp into the loom when the first is exhausted. A weaver from the nearest factory could be called in to instruct on this mechanical point. But better still than this, invite to help us start a new era in fabric making, with art as its foundation. This would not, I think, be difficult to do, for she has good assistance in her own self with some encouragement she could be tempted to go over to help us.

Countess Hamilton is a charming young Swedish lady, of an ancient family, originally English, and of a rare type of culture.

If this subject proves interesting to



ARTISTS IN WAX.

A Novel Exhibit for the World's Fair Which Will Attract Attention.

One of the most original of the exhibits which the division of entomology of the United States department of agriculture will make

at the world's fair at Chicago will be a series of models illustrating the work of the different insects upon different plants, showing the insects themselves in the act of feeding and showing the smaller ones enlarged so that their different parts can be easily studied.

In order that this interesting exhibit should be prepared in the most effective manner possible, two artists have been engaged whose reputation for similar work in other fields is unsurpassed. These are Mrs. E. S. Morrill and H. Minton, an English woman and her brother, for many years employed by the British museum, and who for the past five years have been connected with the American Museum of Natural History in Central park, New York.

The skill of these two people is demonstrated in the models which they have made, which they accomplish their almost startling results are original with them.

Their father was an amateur artist in suburban London and from him they have derived less inherited their artistic skill. He died early, however, and his widow and children were thrown upon their own resources. The widow excelled in the art of making wax flowers and instructed her two sons and her daughter in the rudiments of this art, in which they soon surpassed her in proficiency.

On the occasion of the first great public dinner given by the city of London to Queen Victoria after her accession to the throne, in front of her plate the queen saw a number of peaches resting upon a mound of flowers. These flowers were so beautiful that she raised one of her hands to enjoy the perfume, and her astonishment at finding that they were artificial and not real flowers led her naturally to inquire the names of their producers, who proved to be the brothers of Minton, then eleven years of age and their sister, Mrs. Morrill, who at that time had reached the mature age of seven.

These bright children were not long in realizing the perishable nature of wax and their inventive minds soon found a partial substitute which they have used ever since with the same success.

They were first turned to the modelling of objects in natural history by a commission from a gentleman who wished to preserve a group of partridges exactly as they are found in nature. The partridges were stuffed

and mounted in natural attitudes by a taxidermist and the Minton's solved the rest of the problem by accurately imitating the nest and all the surrounding vegetation. This group was sent to the Crystal Palace exhibition in London and attracted the attention of Dr. Gunther of the British museum, who was so struck by it that he immediately secured the employment of the artists by the museum to model similar groups of other British birds.

The groups were realistic to the extreme of fidelity and form one of the greatest attractions to the natural history exhibit. They were seen by prominent New Yorkers, who were interested in the museum of natural history, and some six or seven years ago Mrs. Morrill and H. Minton were brought to New York through the liberality of Mrs. R. L. Stewart, and the results of their work have been shown to the public in the museum.

From one case to another the observer feels himself in the very atmosphere of the woods and the taxidermist himself is shown at work. A deep aged potato leaf shows our famous friend the Colorado potato beetle, in all stages of its growth. From the yellowish green on the underside of the leaf to the handsomely colored beetle just taking its flight from the top of the stalk. So realistic is the piece that the average farmer would instinctively look about for a handful of Paris green to put down the pest, while even the expert entomologist, without the most careful scrutiny, would be deceived and see only a few instances of many which might be seen. What plants showing the effects of the Colorado potato beetle

apple showing the work of the codling moth, the most recent part of the Colorado potatoes pugged into and half destroyed by the tomato fruit worm, which with his head embedded in a superfluous cherry, and the tomato—all are done with the most perfect accuracy. No difficulty, however great,

seems to be unobtainable. The minute differences in the texture of different leaves, the bloom upon the cheek of the peach, the almost lace-like character of many of the small flowers, are perfectly reproduced and with the help of wax which the copy is made side by side with the copy, it is well nigh impossible to say which is natural and which is artificial.

The value of such a graphic exhibit can hardly be exaggerated. The practical man will get a better idea of the life of the insect than he will from any other source. The student will learn what they are. The less observant individual will have his attention called to many matters which he might not otherwise have noticed, yet which are none the less important to him, and the student will have faith in the life history of insects impressed upon his mind in a more lasting manner than could be accomplished by any figure or any descriptive text.

The methods and materials with which these remarkable results are accomplished are simple to the extreme. The wax and the skill with which they are used, the extraordinary attention to the minutest details, and the constant supervision of the entomologist, which have accompanied the wonderful results. The shape of the objects to be modelled is suggested by means of plaster casts. Foliage and flowers are reproduced in wax-covered cloth which has for its foundation a specially woven texture resembling cheesecloth.

The wax coating leaves it flexible, translucent and suitable for the most delicate blossoms. From stronger qualities of this wax cloth an even branch is constructed, and from a finer kind the minute plant organs, such as stamens are made. For greater strength where boughs are required, the natural branch is used. As the bark is very dry and cracks it is removed and the appearance imitated with a brush in a bold manner, yet so perfect as to defy detection. The modeling is done with the simplest tools, and the coloring is done with water colors in the form of paint. All this there is of the almost infinitely simple machinery of the art, and when one compares results with means, one is almost almost rivaled by the accuracy of the results themselves.

A permanent exhibit of this sort upon a much larger scale than the comparatively limited space that the Chicago fair will permit would be one which could hardly be rivaled in practical work at this time, however, is comparatively slow and necessarily, therefore, expensive. The funds may perhaps be raised, and if so, a new and most interesting attraction to the visitor to Washington will find a place either in the national museum or the department of agriculture.

V. C. ROCHESTER.

ADA BACHE-CONE.

The Story of a Woman Journalist—How Training the Secret of Her Success.

Ada Bache-Cone is one of the few women who are doing distinctly noticeable journalistic work in this country, and her success seems to call for consideration in that she has been able to make a reputation as a scholar while writing chiefly upon the feather-weight subject of the fashions, and that she furnishes advice to women on clothing for themselves and their families, which is founded on research and learning. The truth is that she appears to be almost the only woman writing upon dress who is qualified to criticize and censor, suggest and direct by reason of an acquaintance with the history of costume and a familiarity with the principle and laws of art.

Both the story of her entrance upon newspaper work and her own personal history are interesting, and the last explains the first.

She comes of "good blood." On her mother's side she is descended from an old English family that counts among its members many people of literary and scientific renown. Dr. William Carpenter, known in the scientific world as the great authority on the microscope, was her cousin, and Dr. Lunt Carpenter, the English drifter, was her great uncle. The family name, Bache, is one of the most conservative of the old names of Pennsylvania.

The first of the Baches to settle in the Keystone State were two cousins, Richard and William Bache. Richard married Benjamin Franklin's daughter, and from him were descended Benjamin Franklin Bache and Alex. Dallas Bache, of the coast survey. The descendants of this branch of the family, now identified with the aristocratic circles of Philadelphia and Washington, have recently been contesting Benjamin Franklin's will regarding the legacy bequeathed to indigent printers.

William Bache, ordered by his Philadelphia physician to seek country air, bought a tract of land in eastern Pennsylvania which he laid out handsomely, and there lived the life of an English country gentleman. This William Bache was Miss Cone's grandfather. His children followed in his footsteps, living the same conservative, retired and dignified life on their estates, keeping up English traditions and habits, and commanding the respect of the country round about. The wife of Congressman William A. Stone is also a granddaughter of William Bache.

Miss Cone's father was a lawyer and amassed a great fortune. Ada was educated by private teachers, but only nominally. Her sturdy state was formed by a bachelor uncle of culture and leisure, in whose library she practically spent all her childhood. When her father died she was still under school, and the first thing said to her by her guardian was: "You will have a great deal of money; you must learn to take care of it."

After a time she was told that the estate would be seriously hampered for a period—in fact that there were indications it might turn out badly.

Instantly foreseeing that she might become dependent on her own will, the whirling heiress went to Boston and took up the study of art, in all seriousness, and following a natural bent. Later she was offered a place as teacher in one of the state art schools and took it.

The next year the estate failed to yield her any income whatever and she gained a position as supervisor of drawing in the Concord N. H. schools. There, although still seeming scarcely more than a child, she introduced into the school the study of the history of art, and the newspapers of the date abundantly testify to the principle she desired to inculcate on industrial art as a permanent study in the schools.

To accomplish this, a bill with that end in view must be passed in the legislature, and having succeeded in getting such a bill introduced the young art teacher did a good deal of lobbying in its behalf. However, it failed to pass. She tells an amusing story in this connection. She used her most persuasive eloquence with the legislature, securing him the farming couldn't be carried on profitably in

Science MEDICAL SCIENCE

BEECHAM'S PILLS

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THE TREADLE LOOM.

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New Hampshire and that if the state would become rich and great and powerful it would be through artistic manufactures. Afterward it transpired that this member was himself a farmer.

About this time Miss Cone learned that her father's estate had dwindled to absolutely nothing. There a curious thing happened. Instead of Miss Cone's character. She was raised as one of the best drawing supervisors in the country and she had also been educated as a lecturer and writer on industrial art. Instead of remaining to enjoy her success she said: "I have given up as I can go in this direction. Any more work here will be more of a strain than I can bear, and the offer of an advanced salary and other inducements did not overcome her determination.

It is told, showing how young she was to have won her marked honors, that returning one winter morning to Concord from a town in which she had delivered a lecture that conductor, seeing her curled up in her wraps in the corner of the seat, mistook her for a child and stooped over and said commiseratingly, "Oh the little girl cold!" But the strain of work so unusual to so young a woman had wrought its mischief. For a year she was confined to her bed, she was not, however, idle; she studied incessantly, chiefly works on art criticism, the history of costume, and the history of art. Her relatives knew nothing of her extremity. She concealed the situation.

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THIS WEEK'S GREAT BARGAINS AT M. RICH & BROS.

It doesn't always pay to be in a hurry. Neither will it pay you to be asleep while the Fall Dress Goods are being opened up. Wide-awake buyers are now looking after the latest Parisian Novelties in single Dress Lengths and no duplicates. This is a purchase you must make within a few days. The greatest selection to the earliest buyers.

COLORED DRESS GOODS NOVELTIES.

Foreign and Domestic Productions.

FRENCH	Novelties.	Glacé's	Paris Diagonals,	Prismatic Effects, etc.
SCOTCH	Cheviots,	Clans,	Tweeds,	Mixtures, etc.
ENGLISH	Habit Cloths,	Storm Serges,	Worsted, etc.	Worsted, etc.
GERMAN	Changeable Diagonals,	Broad Cloths,	Henriettas, etc.	Henriettas, etc.
RUSSIAN	Side Bands,	Russian Velours,	Czarina Cloths, etc.	Czarina Cloths, etc.

We are introducing new goods every day that will not be duplicated and which represent most remarkable values.

SILKS! SILKS!

In black Silks we offer the best bargains in the south. Goods manufactured only by the best makers. Get prices this week.

COLORED.

All silk Changeable Surahs, extra heavy Faille Francaise, Brocaded Crystal Novelties. The Novelties in this department outstrip anything in the city. Every lady in Atlanta should see this stock before buying a fall dress.

CLOAKS AND SUITS.

Ladies', Misses' Children's and Babies' Cloaks and Ladies' Suits. Another new lot in on Saturday. The styles and prices of these goods have no equal in the city.

WOOLENS.

Fine Cassimere Overcoatings and Cloakings just received. Also a beautiful line of French Flannels and Eiderdowns for children's Cloaks and ladies' Wrappers.

Bed Spreads.

This week we will sell 100 dozen Marsailles pattern Bed Spreads 10-4 size, good value at \$1.00, for 75 Cents.

8 dozen Marsailles pattern Bed Spreads, 11-4 size, splendid value at \$1.50 for \$1.00.

7 dozen Marsailles Bed Spreads 11-4 size, regular \$2.00 goods, for \$1.25.

Piano & Table Covers.

Chenille, Tapestry and Velour Covers from 75c. up to \$20.00 each, a great assortment, all new goods.

Linens.

The enormous quantities of Napkins, Towels, Doilies and Damasks purchased to fill our contracts for furnishing Hotels, etc., give us a large, well selected stock and large purchases make low prices.

Hosiery Specials.

75 dozen Misses full regular Hose, Hermsdorf dye, sizes 5 1/2 to 8 1/2, worth 25c, at 14 Cents.

120 dozen 11x1 ribbed Hose, double knees, heels and toes, sizes 5 to 9, good value at 35c, sell this week at 25 Cents.

93 doz. Ladies' Hose, 35c quality, 25c. See them.

40 doz. Gents' Half Hose, full regular made, good value at 25c, this week we sell for 15 Cents.

Gents' Camel's Hair Shirts and Drawers, best ever offered at \$1 Per Suit.

75 dozen Ladies' 35c Vests go this week at 25c.

80 dozen Ladies' Egyptian yarn Union Suits at \$1 Per Suit.

Dress Trimmings.

Never before has our stock of Trimmings been so complete. It now contains the latest Fall and Winter Trimmings, not to be seen elsewhere in the city.

Russian and Turkish embroidered Bands with and without tinsel, moiré edging and bands the latest.

Russian Girdles for street and evening wear.

Lacoon, Coney and White Fur Headings, Pearl Passamentaires. The largest stock in the state. The latest in Jet Trimmings of all kinds.

Gloves.

A lot of fine Kid Gloves for Ladies, Gents and Children. Broken sizes to be sold this week at 50 cts. per pair to close.

That 4-button Ladies' Sued Glove, that Mousquetaire, that 4-button Glace, all come in the latest shades and should be seen while we offer them at \$1.25 per pair, Dur Biaritz Kid Glove at \$1. Our best Chamoise Glove at \$1. Misses' and Children's, in all colors and sizes, a very fine kid at \$1.

Fancy Goods.

New styles for stamping, art squares for embroidering, all the latest designs. A new stock of Fancy Goods throughout.

Toilet Sets a specialty. Sofa Cushions made to order. Frames for lamp shades, trimmed up in the latest manner in a few hours notice.

Infants' Baskets, trimmed and untrimmed.

German Favors.—A large line of German Favors, some very new and novel pieces.

FURNITURE!

Just received received 25 handsome Parlor Seats in Cherry, Oak and Birch that we have no room for, all upholstered in Tapestry. We will close them out this week at

\$35.

500 Chairs, upholstered in Corduroy, worth \$7, go this week at

\$4

CARPETS!

Extensive purchases for the ARAGON HOTEL and DEGIVE'S TWO OPERA HOUSES enable us to quote you lower prices than any house south. We have no competition in Atlanta. Our magnificent styles, designs and colorings are the marvels of the city.

DRAPERY DEPARTMENT.

Our Drapery work executed by the only competent artist in the south. Equal in taste, design and variety of effect to any work executed in this country.

OUR PRICES MODERATE.

Our selection of Drapery Stuffs has no equal.

M. RICH & BROS.,

54 AND 56 WHITEHALL STREET.

12, 14, 16, 18 AND 20 EAST HUNTER STREET.

MORE THAN HALF

Of Those Who Could Vote Fail to Register,

BUT NO ONE SEEMS TO KNOW WHY

Mr. Stewart, in an Interview, Gives Some of the Reasons as They Appear to Him.

Fulton county's full and complete registration for the approaching state election is 7,794.

That's a mighty small registration for a county that contains over 100,000 people.

But just why the registration is so small no one can tell. It has been a puzzling and perplexing question to the best posted men of the county for several years past. Men thoroughly posted in every line of political work have studied the question carefully but none of them have ever been able to solve it.

It's an accepted rule the union over that every voter represents five people, or that the voting strength of a community multiplied by five will give the population of a neighborhood, town or county.

Taking this accepted proposition as a basis, Atlantians, thinking that the county and city had considerably over 100,000 have been placing the county's full voting strength at 22,000 to 23,000.

But the biggest registration the county ever presented was only a little over one-half that size.

The last census of the United States, very much to the surprise of Atlantians, gave Fulton county a population of 85,000.

That was less than every loyal citizen of Atlanta thought the city really had.

But being loyal to the United States government as well as to Atlanta, Atlantians accepted it as true, and those who gave the political situation a thought, or made a study of politics divided that 85,000 by five and concluded that Fulton county could show up nearly 18,000 voters if all who were qualified could be induced to come out and register.

The campaign now on impregnated every citizen with a zeal to help his party triumph and with something akin to anxiety the result of the registration was

watched by those who have been studying the matter.

And the conclusion was a universal surprise.

By the registration, the accepted rule being operative, Fulton's population would be only 39,000.

Taking the United States census as correct and applying the same rule the county was guaranteed over 10,000 voters who had not registered. Naturally, the questions asked were:

"Where are those 10,000 voters and why have they not registered?"

The questions were too hard to answer. No one appeared to be able to analyze the situation, but many are now working on the problem.

Probably no man in Fulton county is more competent to account for the great discrepancy than Andy Stewart, the general tax collector. Every man who registers, or wants to register, must come in contact with Mr. Stewart, and from some of those who want to register and do not do so, he gathers a few of the many reasons which may be given for the great difference between the registration list as it is and the registration list as it might be. Mr. Stewart, like others, has studied the matter carefully.

"I am fully satisfied," said he yesterday, "that Fulton county has 18,000 voters—10,000 more than have registered."

"What keeps that 10,000 away? Why don't they register?"

"Well, that's hard to tell," said Mr. Stewart, with a laugh, "all I know is some of the reasons they give when they go away without registering. You know before the time for registration comes the man must go to Mr. Armstrong, the tax collector, and give him his tax. Some have nothing but a poll tax to give in. Then later that man must come to the collector's office and pay his tax. After he has paid his tax he can register and not before. If he comes in to pay that tax his receipt for it warns him that the payment don't allow him to vote but only qualifies him to register. It's my rule here whenever a man pays his tax to ask him to register and they always do so as it don't cost them another cent when they hold their tax receipts in their hand."

"Then why isn't the registration bigger?"

"It is because the taxes aren't paid. Those who are not registered don't get this far. Some of them give in to Mr. Armstrong and stop right there. Of course that don't qualify them. If a man returns any property he is bound to pay the tax on it but if it's only a poll tax we can't make him pay it. There are over six hundred men who gave in a poll tax only who never paid it and of course never registered."

"Then why did they give in the poll tax?"

"That I can't tell. However I can cite

a case. For nine years a certain citizen of this county has regularly returned his poll tax but he has never paid a dollar."

Editor Constitution.—I am not a politician nor a noisy partisan, but a native Georgian and an interested observer of the boiling political cauldron, and I have witnessed some grave mistakes in democratic tactics. They have been made almost every campaign since the war and strengthened the opposing forces. We had hoped the present contest would furnish an illustrious exception and give us a clean record. But late developments are disappointing that dream and again we are furnishing capital for the enemy. No speech nor series of speeches which General Weaver, Mrs. Lease and Mr. Watson could possibly make to Georgia people would influence one-fourth as many votes for the third party and republicans at the north as the treatment which they allege to have received at our hands and with which they will seek to inflame the public mind abroad. Our denials will avail but little against their statements. It was unfortunate to say the least, and may do us harm. The blood of the martyrs, you know, was the seed of the church, and if the handful of third party people should become a people in the land may it not owe more to native eggs and democratic blundering than to the eloquence of its orators? And if it should be driven by these same influences into a coalition with the republican party and defeat Mr. Cleveland would we not be largely to blame for such a national calamity?

When the abolition party, like the third party, was in its infancy, with William Lloyd Garrison at its head, and any one of its advocates could be seen peddling with rotten eggs and driven from the country. The rotten eggs did him no harm, but from every one there was a legion of abolitionists, who finally overran and destroyed us. From that little party came all our woes. Shall we repeat the experiment and again bring death and ruin upon our recuperating country? Shall we again place the republicans in power with their force bill and pension plank? Let us pause and consider. Let us remember that "whom the gods would destroy they first make mad."

For twenty-five years we have been proclaiming our loyalty to the union and protesting in every possible way against the "bloody shirt," but we are not now, ourselves, making the old errors and wearing a bloody shirt than the north ever flaunted in its face? Is it not wrong? Morally, politically, socially and financially wrong? Let us be consistent and allow those old sores to heal over forever. Let them pass along down with war times and reconstructed periods, while we turn our faces to the future and battle for new fortunes and a new country.

Mr. Weaver and his traveling companions should have been allowed to pass through Georgia without hindrance or molestation. Sherman the arch enemy and destroyer of our city and despoiler of our homes, was received with ovations by our people; then why insult Mr. Weaver, a presidential candidate? Why pelt his good and faithful wife with unhealthy eggs? Why insult a woman of Mr. Weaver's character and reputation as an orator? So far as we know she is a perfect lady and making an honest living by her oratorical gifts. No one was compelled to go to their meetings and I have no thought that they could have created the least enthusiasm nor made any converts.

I do not believe the third party has ever had so much strength in Georgia, and much of speech making and persistent yelling has been a waste of brains and muscle. The treatment of Mr. Watson, received in Augusta, and Atlanta made for him more votes in his district than a hundred of his speeches could

have made. I was present at his first debate with Major Black at Crawfordville and am positive in my belief that not a single convert was made to either side. It was nothing more nor less than a gathering of the masses for a huge battle—a contest in lung power, each side trying to make more noise than the other. Most if not all who were present will doubt this statement. All their discussions, no doubt, amounted to just the same.

If the third party carries any district in Georgia they will doubtless be largely indebted to these late demonstrations. The untold masses do not read and investigate, and these interruptions are proofs to them that the democrats are afraid of their speakers. And thus for twenty years have the democrats by timely deeds and sayings furnished campaign material for their enemies. Up to now everything has been favorable to Mr. Cleveland's election and I think the general prosperity of the whole country depends largely upon it, but alert politicians will seize upon every occasion to make capital for themselves, and let us see to it that we furnish no more, and bend all our energies to securing the result in the approaching election which is so strongly cherished by us all.

If let alone the third party will, no doubt, go out with the defeat of General Weaver and Mr. Watson. Just as the old whig party died with Henry Clay and the American party with John Bell. Let the people, therefore, not fret and perpetrate wrongs that may bring defeat to the noisy boys and egg-slingers be suppressed at public meetings and taught old-time Georgia courtesy and southern civility. JOHN H. BRAL.

Atlanta Bonds for Sale. Elsewhere will be found a notice advertising one hundred and eighty-two thousand waterworks bonds; also forty redemption bonds. These bonds will be sold at par in lots to suit purchaser. Capitalists seeking a sure place to invest their money will do well to confer with Mayor W. A. Kempf.

If you wish something choicer in a silver jewelry go to Malar & Berke, 21 Whitehall Street.

Democratic Rally. Forsyth, Ga., September 23.—(Special.)—The democrats of Monroe County are bestirring themselves and leaving no stone unturned.

Elaborate preparations are being made for a grand democratic rally and barbecue here for Saturday October 1st. Invitations are sent out to all democrats and ladies' all peoples' party men and ladies, and all

WEAVER'S TREATMENT.

Grave Errors by Good Democrats—A Word of Warning.

Editor Constitution.—I am not a politician nor a noisy partisan, but a native Georgian and an interested observer of the boiling political cauldron, and I have witnessed some grave mistakes in democratic tactics. They have been made almost every campaign since the war and strengthened the opposing forces. We had hoped the present contest would furnish an illustrious exception and give us a clean record. But late developments are disappointing that dream and again we are furnishing capital for the enemy. No speech nor series of speeches which General Weaver, Mrs. Lease and Mr. Watson could possibly make to Georgia people would influence one-fourth as many votes for the third party and republicans at the north as the treatment which they allege to have received at our hands and with which they will seek to inflame the public mind abroad. Our denials will avail but little against their statements. It was unfortunate to say the least, and may do us harm. The blood of the martyrs, you know, was the seed of the church, and if the handful of third party people should become a people in the land may it not owe more to native eggs and democratic blundering than to the eloquence of its orators? And if it should be driven by these same influences into a coalition with the republican party and defeat Mr. Cleveland would we not be largely to blame for such a national calamity?

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colored people in Monroe and adjoining Counties.

The committee have prepared to have 200 carcasses and other eatables to feed 4000 people.

Some of the best speakers in the state now expected to be present. Among them are Hons. Livingstone, Henry G. Turner, Gen. John B. Gordon, and Hon. R. L. Bernier.

Three good bands will furnish music for the occasion.

IF YOU want to rent a large and convenient store at a low figure apply to Southern Paint and Glass Co., No. 30 South Broad St., as they expect to move to A. MacD. Wilson's old stand, No. 40 Peachtree St., between the 5th and 10th of October.

News from Oconee Mills. Oconee, Ga., September 24.—(Special.)—Farmers are all busy trying to save the remainder of their fodder and hay. There is not much cotton picked in this section as yet. Making up syrup is going to be the order of the day. Professor Virgil Roark, who has had charge of the public school at Concord academy, closed his school with a nice treat of candy to each pupil. The professor did his duty and won the affection of both pupils and patrons.

The Lebanon juvenile missionary society met in regular meeting. We are glad to state that this society is in such a prosperous condition under the management of Misses Maud Bryan, president, Nettie Thompson and Gertrude Langford, secretaries.

The Crop Prospects in Lumpkin. Dahlouga, Ga., September 24.—(Special.)—The crop outlook for Lumpkin county this year is quite promising. The corn high water, but the crops on the upland on the bottom lands has been injured by very fine. The hay crop is good and the farmers have fine seasons for cutting and saving this valuable crop. Sorghum cane is extra fine. Potatoes are as good as common. The pea crop is extra large as the farmers in a great measure planted peas instead of cotton.

Apples in the mountains are good and abundant yields.

Mr. M. N. Stow will leave next week for Atlanta where he goes to finish his course of medicine in the Southern Medical college. Mr. Stow is one of our very best young men and his many friends wish him much success in his chosen profession, medicine.

Hunting Season Opens October 15th. We have just received our stock of guns, revolvers, ammunition, hunting coats, leggings etc., and can fit you up at satisfactory prices. If you want a gun don't fail to see our new semi-automatic before you buy. We have the best single-barrel breach loader ever seen; also single-shot and repeating rifles, 22 and 30-caliber.

See what we have and get our prices before you buy anything in this line. LOWMY HARDWARE CO., Cor. Peachtree and Walton. sept23-38

A fine opportunity is now offered to rent a large and commodious store cheap. Apply to Southern Paint and Glass Co., No. 37 South Broad St.

A MEAN SHIFT.



VOL. XXIV

ATLANTA, GA., SUNDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 25, 1892.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

FORTY-NINE CENTS
A YARD

For Novelty Suitings
AT

KEELY CO'S

Jacquard Suitings,
English Homespuns,
Storm Serges,
Bourette Novelities,
French Henriettas,
Scotch Plaids.

COME MONDAY

KEELY COMPANY'S

"RIGHT PRICE, TRUE MERIT"

September Sales Successful.

These Two Principles Governing Every Feature of The
Inaugural Sale

Inspired Confidence and Captured Custom

We Quote Low Prices,

We Give Best Values,

We Show Newest Stuffs.

THE LATEST NOVELTIES

IN

Every Approved Fabric

AT

KEELY CO'S

Dress Goods,
Novelty Suits,
Robe Patterns,
French Fabrics,
Imported Cloaks,
Reefer Suits.

NOW READY



"As sweet as a peach hanging on a limb—
Will anybody reach for me."

OTHER SWEETNESSES

Can be had for money judiciously used
and you can save lots of it if you will
buy your medicines where they are

Retailed at Wholesale Prices!

If you are ordinarily wise, you will
buy where you can obtain several articles
for the price usually charged for one. For
instance, note:

A FEW SAMPLE PRICES:

Mother's Friend.....	30	Fowler & Weightman's Morphine.....	37
California Syrup of Fig.....	34	Head's Sarsaparilla.....	37
Sage's Catarrh Cure.....	34	Hoy's Cologne.....	37
Elly's Cream Balm.....	34	Pe-ru-na.....	37
Pierce's Pills.....	34	Shaker's Ext. Root.....	37
Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.....	34	Warner's Safe Cure.....	37
Pierce's Favorite Prescription.....	34	Brown's Essence of Ginger.....	37
Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.).....	34	Mellin's Food.....	37 and 40
Dr. John Bull's Sarsaparilla.....	34	Nestle's Milk Food.....	40; dozen, 4 00
Dr. John Bull's Worm Candy.....	34	Hall's Hair Renewer.....	37
Chichester's Penicillin Pills.....	34	Ayer's Hair Vigor.....	37
Brown's Iron Bitters.....	34	Sosodont.....	37
Shiloh's Catarrh Cure.....	34	Vin Marina Cere.....	37
Shiloh's Consumption Cure.....	34	Swanston Powder.....	37 and 40
McEwen's Wine Cardui.....	34	Viole Cream.....	37
Black Draught.....	34	Kunyadi Water.....	37
King's New Discovery.....	34	Fellow's Hypophosphites.....	37
Parker's Hair Balm.....	34	Mexican Mustang Linctament.....	37
Hinder Corns.....	34	Pain Killer.....	37, 38 and 40
Castoria.....	34	May Apple Pills.....	37
P. P. F.....	34	Packer's Tar Soap.....	37
Hire's Root Beer.....	34	Bradfield's Female Regulator.....	37
Tutt's Liver Pills.....	34	Murray's Cyclone Linctament.....	37
Carter's Little Liver Pills.....	34	Electric Hair Curiers.....	37 and 40
Beecham's Pills.....	34	Winslow's Soothing Syrup.....	37
Fowler & Weightman's Quinine.....	34	Smith's Worm Oil.....	37
15c, 25c, 50c and 100c bottles; 50c an ounce		Yaseline.....	37, 38 and 40
In capsules—1 grain, 5c doz.; 2 grains, 7c		Paragoric, pint.....	37
doz.; 3 grains, 10c doz.; 5 grains, 15c dozen		Castor Oil, Baker's, pint.....	37
		Pear's Soap.....	37

EVERYTHING ELSE IN PROPORTION.

WE SELL

ALL PATENT MEDICINES AT CUT PRICES.

WHAT SPOT CASH WILL DO.

—FIRST.—

We have a large lot of **SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR**, bought cheap for spot cash. For 30 days we will sell the regular \$1 size for 50 cents.

—SECOND.—

We have on hand a large lot of **S. S.** bought cheap for spot cash which we will sell as follows: Regular \$1 size for only 50 cents.

Send in Your Orders for Anything You Need.

Express charges are usually 25c on packages under 5 pounds. Large boxes can be sent by freight.

CALL ON OR ADDRESS

Jacob's Pharmacy
Atlanta, Ga.

CORNER PEACHTREE AND MARIETTA STS.

Two Bargain Tables

Thirty-nine cents per yard for choice and Novel Dress Goods, including Mohairs, Popalines, Stripes and Plaids and changeable mixtures. These are sterling values, and you can't match them for less than 50c.

Forty-Nine Cents

Will buy from center bargain table choice of one hundred and ten pieces high-class Dress Goods, not one of which retail in the ordinary way for less than sixty-five cents.

These Goods Are

Strictly all-wool, including plain stripes and mixed fabrics, such as striped Storm Serges, Chevronettes, whip cords, camel's hair mixtures and many fancy weaves, which will charm you at first sight. Intelligent Shoppers will note the fact that at the beginning of the season we place the best goods on sale at

Bargain Figures—

This Week's Specials

Nineteen cents a yard for striped mohair novelties. These are just the thing. Early Fall dresses in low priced fabrics.

Twenty-Nine Cents

Per yard for English illuminated Brocades, thirty-eight inches wide, half-wool, in best shades.

Storm Serge Sales

Are marvelous, and it is difficult to keep the trade supplied. A new lot opening Monday. Keely Company's serges have become noted, and the best values in these popular goods are to be found here.

Note These Figures

Forty-nine cents, all wool blue or black storm serge. Fifty-nine cents for a better one, seventy-five cents buys an imported serge, which is worth a dollar.

Cravenette

Is a fine serge which comes in two shades of blue and a raven black. It is sixty inches wide and will absolutely turn water. Price, One Sixty-nine a yard.

Novelty Dress Patterns

Have found tremendous sales here for the past week. The price sold them. No fictitious values, but a sale upon their merits. We would rather sell two suits at Twelve fifty each than to hold one suit at Twenty dollars, meanwhile prating upon its exclusiveness and the exploded theory that "these are confined to us."

Take Your Choice

For Five dollars of sixty-two novelty suits in rough Mixture. Plaid effects, Over-shot Camel's Hair suits, and Changeable Serges.

Seven and a Half

Will be the price on one lot of Twenty-two assorted styles in two tone Serge suits, Illuminated Tweed suits. Plissie Cloth suits for Tailor gowns. Don't wait until November when the styles are picked over, but come now while the goods have the bloom of freshness. Our effort is by making the prices right

To Supply you now.

But Twelve Fifty

Is the price for which we will offer the most desirable assortment of French, German and English suits which are to be found in this market. A special sale Monday of Thirty assorted Novelty Robes, Fancy Cloths, Clan Plaids, Rayettes, Two and three-tone mixtures, Velvetine Cordinettes and many other extreme novelties at the uniform price of \$12.50.

A Black Silk Sale

Choice of ten pieces assorted Cachemeres, Sublime Peau de Soie, Rhodzimir and Crystal Bengaline at one figure, viz: One dollar nineteen. These are irresistible and will go quickly.

Shirt Waists Merveilleux

A new fabric made especially for Fall waists. Assorted in the popular tones of red, navy, tan, gray, myrtle and seal. Price One Dollar per yard.

Our Silk Stock

Has all of the new things. Everything points to the popularity of silks for dresses and combinations. We have the assortment.

The Prices are Popular.

Nine Ninety-Eight

See our Eon Suits. Well bound, well made, well lined. The best three piece suits in the city. Price, for the opening sale. Nine, ninety-eight.

Special Broadcloth Sale

Our special drive for Monday at ninety-eight cents a yard, will be an English cloth bought at a bargain and sold elsewhere at One, Twenty-five. But we will give good values.

Dress Trimmings

All new Beadings, Headings, Gimps, Marabout Trimmings, Feather Trimmings, Russian Bands, now opening.

Ladies' Fall Underwear

This stock ever so popular is now complete. Light-weight Merino Vests and Pants, Union Suits in Silk, all wool, silk and wool mixed, now ready. Bargain values in this Department.

Ladies' Short Petticoats

In Fancy Wool, in Silk and Wool, in all Silk. A complete assortment in this season's best productions. Prices range from Ninety-eight cents to Six fifty the garment.

Light Wool Underwear

A great specialty for both ladies and children. A full assortment of sizes. Buy early while you can secure choice of best things. Many novelties shown here. Ask to see them.

The Fads in Gloves

High colors, with large Pearl buttons. Long gloves in all the new shades. The extreme things. Every pair fitted to the hand. The best things are priced Two dollars.

Monday, Tuesday & Weds.

Will be special sales days in our Linen room. Towels, Table Linens and House Furnishings will be reduced to make room for Cloaks. Prices quoted will surprise you.

Fine Foot Wear

One hundred and twelve cases good Shoes opened last week, all of the new things in good shoes now on exhibition.

Three Fifty Values

In Ziegler's fine Paris kid button Boots, plain and patent tip, common-sense and French heels. C. D and E widths, go on sale Monday at \$2.49 a pair.

Two Ninety-Eight

For Ziegler's French cloth top button boots, nobby toes, both styles of heel, in every size and every width, worth \$3.75.

Ladies' Hand-turned Boots

Ziegler Bros. fine hand-turned button boots, plain or tipped, a full assortment of sizes, in every width. **\$3.25 a Pair.**

The Keely Leader

The best two dollar Shoe, for ladies and misses, known to the trade. They have an interstate reputation. **\$2.00 a Pair.**

Ladies' Extension Soles

Elegant variety of extension soles just opened in cloth-tops and kid-tops in all the new tips of the season.

Spring Heel Shoes

For misses, childrens and boys. These have no equal for style, fit or wear. They are here in cloth tops, kid tops and pebble goat, with every known kind of tip.

The Hand-welt Wear-well

Equal the best hand work, fit easy, wear well, look stylish and really are worth \$4.00. **\$3.00 a Pair.**

One Ninety-Eight

On sale to-morrow, two hundred pairs ladies' fine Oxford Ties, both patent and plain tips, C, D and E lasts, Ziegler's Best. **\$1.98 a Pair.**

These instruments have been before the public for OVER FIFTY YEARS, and upon their EXCELLENCE ALONE have attained an UNPURCHASED PRE-EMINENCE which establishes them as UNEQUALED IN TONE, TOUCH, WORKMANSHIP AND DURABILITY.

The testimony of leading artists who prefer the KNABE above all other pianos: Dr. Hans von Bulow, Eugene D'Albert, Xaver Scharwenka, L. M. Gottschalk, S. Thalberg, Sidney Smith, Minnie Hank, Clara Louise Kellogg, S. B. Mills, A. H. Pease, Dr. Leopold Damrosch, Max Maretzek, W. K. Bassford, Edmond Neupert, Geo. W. Morgan, Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler, Teresa Carreno, Edward Baxter Perry, Carl Faelton, P. S. Gilmore, Stephen A. Emery.

The testimony of our leading citizens, who prefer the KNABE above all others, AND HAVE BOUGHT THEM:

MAJ. RHODE HILL, Atlanta.
P. H. M'GINTY, Norwood, Ga.
MCNEIGH & MOORE, Morton, Miss.
HENRY BANKS, LaGrange, Ga.
MRS. H. V. HAMPTON, Atlanta.
CAPTAIN L. JOHNSON, Waycross, Ga.
G. A. HOWELL, West End, Ga.
MRS. M. A. EVINS, Atlanta.
MRS. CHARLES ADAMSON, Carrollton, Ga.
AGNES SCOTT INSTITUTE, Decatur, Ga.
S. LANIER, West Point, Ga.
MRS. FANNIE T. IVERSON, Atlanta.
MRS. ZACH MARTIN, Atlanta.
MRS. W. J. GARRETT, Atlanta.
F. C. FERRELL, LaGrange.
MRS. B. F. WHITTNER, Sanford, Fla.
A. H. VANDYKE, Atlanta.
J. H. BAKER,
D. H. DOUGHERTY, Atlanta.
R. H. CALDWELL, West End, Ga.
L. L. OVERTON, Atlanta.
HON. C. W. HUNNICUTT, Atlanta.
MRS. E. HAYNES, Atlanta.
J. S. AUDREN, West End, Ga.
D. A. SPENCER, ATLANTA.
DANIEL, HOWARD, ATLANTA.
R. L. BARRY, ATLANTA.
HON. J. TYLER COOPER, ATLANTA.
JOHN JARRETT, ATLANTA.
C. F. MARSHALL, ATLANTA.
D. A. O'CONNOR, ATLANTA.
HON. SINGLETON HOWELL, ATLANTA.
CAPTAIN W. S. EVERETT, ATLANTA.
MRS. ROBINSON, ATLANTA.
YOUNG GARRETT, ATLANTA.
COLONEL PIERCE, ATLANTA.
GEORGE WINSHIP, ATLANTA.
And manyother well-known Georgians who
have bought KNABE pianos from the PHILLIPS
IPS & CREW COMPANY, Atlanta, Ga.

Knabe, Ivers & Pond, Fischer and Kimball Pianos and Farrand & Votey and Kimball Organs.

Every political organization sending us its address will receive, free, by return mail, an object of great interest. Don't delay. Campaign Publications Bureau, 100



THE CONSTITUTION.

PUBLISHED DAILY, SUNDAY AND WEEKLY.
The Daily, per year (12 issues)..... \$ 4.00
The Sunday (24 issues)..... 2.00
The Daily and Sunday, per year..... 5.00
The Weekly, per year (12 issues)..... 1.00
All Editions sent Postpaid to any address.
All these reduced rates are for subscribers who must be paid in advance.

Contributors must keep copies of articles. We do not undertake to return rejected MSS., and will do so under no circumstances, unless accompanied by return postage.

12 CENTS PER WEEK.
For THE DAILY CONSTITUTION, or 25 cents per calendar month. Sixteen cents per week for THE DAILY and SUNDAY CONSTITUTION, or 47 cents per calendar month; delivered to any address by carrier in the city of Atlanta. Send in your name at once.

Twenty-Four Pages

ATLANTA, GA., September 25, 1893.

A Word About Today's Paper.

The twenty-four pages of this morning's Constitution sparkle with bright features!

A glance through our columns will reveal more attractions than we can summarize here. Our special telegrams cover the political field, and all the important occurrences of yesterday will be found in the general news, together with a various assortment of local matters of interest. The literary and miscellaneous articles make the paper equal to a magazine, and those who seek the gossip and intelligence of our social, religious, business and industrial circles will find plenty to engage their attention. Briefly, this issue is an epitome of the world's history for a day!

Our advertising pages speak for themselves. They mirror the rushing progress and prosperity, the pluck, enterprise and confidence of the solid business men whose brains, energy and capital have made Atlanta the metropolis of the south. The casual reader makes a mistake if he neglects the advertising columns. They point the way to bargains and golden opportunities, and their suggestions can be profitably utilized by thousands.

It was our purpose to issue twenty pages today, but the advertisements for some unknown reason began crowding in upon us, and especially yesterday afternoon and last night, when the bulk of them came in, flooding the business office like a tidal wave. There was nothing to do but to make the paper twenty-four pages; but when it was too late to give the order it was found that we needed thirty pages to accommodate our patrons.

We must apologize for the somewhat crowded appearance of our twenty-four pages, but the paper is a big one and a bright one, and everybody is happy. It seems that the fall trade has opened in earnest, and business in every line feels the stimulating and inspiring touch of the sudden revival.

Fortunately, The Constitution is fully equipped for getting out big issues and accommodating its advertisers on short notice. Our wonderful presses enable us to enlarge to any number of pages when we get a timely hint that they will be needed, and our busy, skillful and contented workers in every department are never better satisfied than when they are getting out such a paper as we present the public with this morning.

The Constitution, teeming in its every line with the prosperity and enterprise which now bless Atlanta, salutes its readers and congratulates them upon the advent of better times!

Stanhope in a Cholera Bed.

The New York Herald's latest special from its correspondent, Mr. Stanhope, who is testing the virtue of his inoculation in a cholera hospital, in Hamburg, is to the effect that he is sleeping in the bed of a dead man, between two dying men. He is drinking Elbe water and neglecting all precautions.

Under these conditions, if Stanhope escapes the cholera, the doctors will have good reason to believe that the inoculation with cholera virus saved him. The test will not settle the thing conclusively, but it will raise a presumption in its favor.

A Long-Needed Book.

The reviewers, the reading public and the children, for whose benefit the work is designed, will all have something pleasant to say about a new book recently published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., of New York and Boston.

"Short Studies in Botany for Children," is the title of the book, and its accomplished author is a lady of Georgia whose name is well known in educational and literary circles—Mrs. Harriet C. Cooper, of Rome. Fifty illustrations beautifully and elucidate this handsome little book, and it is full of fascinating interest from cover to cover. Mrs. Cooper thoroughly understands the fact that a really great subject is only dry and uninteresting when it is treated in a dry and uninteresting manner. She knows a good deal about botany, but she also knows a good deal about children, and this knowledge has enabled her to write a first book in botany which the little ones will find as entertaining as a story. Indeed, the work is cast in story form. In the first chapter the reader is introduced to a group of little brothers, sisters and cousins, who have brought some flowers home with them from a picnic. Their aunt in response to a few questions explains what the plants mean by the same family circle. In a natural and easy way the talk becomes general, and is expanded in a series of later talks until many interesting and useful facts concerning flowers, plants and trees are explained to the wondering children.

The advantage of this mode of expounding a science consists in the utter absence of technical jargon. The instruction thus given is stripped of its dry and uninteresting details, and anecdotes, bits of history and other matters of interest are interspersed to catch the children's fancy.

organize a club and begin their botanical studies in earnest.

Mrs. Cooper is to be congratulated upon her book, and we risk nothing in predicting its popularity and usefulness.

A Communication and an Answer.

The following communication explains itself:

Editor Constitution: As a laboring man I desire to say in a few words that I think the action of the Federation of Trades, or rather of so much of it as is committed to the recent unjust attack on The Constitution, is a shame and a disgrace on the reasonable-minded, conservative laboring men of Atlanta. In the first place the Federation of Trades as a whole does not endorse the monstrous proposition to boycott everything that it cannot entirely manage. Arbitration is or should be the fundamental principle of all laboring organizations. I notice that The Constitution has time and again agreed to submit whatever differences concerning rates that might exist between it and its employees to arbitration, according to its agreement of 1888.

The laboring men of Atlanta do not endorse this last effort, and in their behalf I write to put them on record. If The Constitution had gone back on its agreement, then it should have been condemned, and it would have been perfectly reasonable for the laboring men to have taken action accordingly. But it stands in absolute good faith committed to the proposition of arbitration, and as such its position should be endorsed by every honest laboring man. The laboring men of Atlanta cannot be hoodwinked in this manner, and we understand further that the employees of The Constitution never even made application for an increase of wages, or expressed any dissatisfaction. When they are ready to speak, let them do so, and if The Constitution goes back on its agreement, then the laboring men of Atlanta should take the question up for consideration, but not until then.

MACHINIST.

Atlanta, Ga., September 24th.

In reply to the above The Constitution has only to repeat what it has so often said—that it stands now, as it has ever stood, on the agreement made between the Typographical Union, the Knights of Labor and The Constitution, in 1886, in which it was stated in explicit terms that on complaint of our employees, should dissatisfaction exist as to wages received, the matter should be submitted to arbitration, if it could not be promptly and satisfactorily adjusted between employer and employees.

This agreement was signed on the part of The Constitution by Mr. Henry W. Grady, Mr. Samuel H. Inman, for the board of directors, and by Mr. W. A. Hemphill, business manager, and Captain Evan P. Howell, president of the company. A more unjust and outrageous attack has never been made than that of the Typographical Union in ordering a strike against The Constitution, and following this with an appeal for a boycott, because we did not bow in submission to its demands, which fully ignored the agreement to which the union was in honor bound committed.

The Constitution has no fear whatever of a boycott, and we presume that the eight or ten other printing houses of the city which are subjected to the same unreasonable interference by the Typographical Union will be able to take care of themselves. But in justice to every one of them, and to The Constitution, we desire to impress upon the conservative people of Atlanta, laboring men and others, the following points:

1. In not a single office against which the strike has been declared was any dissatisfaction expressed among the employees, or any intimation even made that the wages received were not satisfactory.

2. In The Constitution job office, which employs more job printers than any similar establishment in the city, there has been the usual falling off of business during the summer, as in all other houses. Mr. Campbell, the manager, not desiring to turn off any of his men in the dull months and leave them with nothing to do, kept the whole force on eight hours' time, awaiting for the fall business to increase to the usual ten hours. The men desired this, rather than shorten the force for the dull season. No complaint was made to Mr. Campbell by anybody, and if any objection was ever made, it was by men who had nothing whatever to do with the services of The Constitution.

3. A feature of the last demand of the Typographical Union is that every office shall turn off every man that does not belong to the union. This, very naturally, is objected to by every office which has faithful men who will not be surrendered to any such unjust demand.

4. In the composing rooms of The Constitution, every operator was abundantly satisfied with his work, and they expressed themselves as infinitely preferring their positions to work on the cases, which required eight hours standing at the case, and two or three hours additional in distributing type to fill their empty cases, daily, the latter work being done without compensation. Our Linotype operators have only to work eight hours a day, have no distributing to do, and are seated comfortably in a chair while at work. They average more per hour, per man, than the printers of any other establishment in Atlanta.

5. No intimation of any dissatisfaction was made to any department of The Constitution, nor was any increase of wages asked for by our employees, and the first we knew of the trouble was that outsiders had ordered our men out on a strike because we would not submit to a string of demands which affected no other newspaper in Atlanta, and which were made in entire ignorance of the right of our employees to lay their complaints, if they had any, before us for settlement, and without consultation with the proprietors, which even a semblance of fairness would have bespoken.

We submit the above for the consideration of the public. We do not care the snap of a finger for a boycott inaugurated on such an unjust basis as this which is condemned as much by the conservative laboring men of Atlanta as it is by business men generally.

The republicans are not making heavy arguments these days. They are arranging to buy as many votes as possible. Dave

Martin, one of Quay's henchmen, has been imported into New York city for "consultation."

The Water We Drink.

Our claim that Atlanta's altitude is a safeguard against cholera is supported by Dr. George Carey in an able article in The St. Louis Homeopathic News. The doctor positively declares that the disease cannot originate or spread in high or mountainous regions.

Another point of interest in this connection is the character of our water supply. From time to time there is more or less talk about the alum used in clarifying our water. So far from being injurious, this is one of the best things in it. A recent work on the cholera by Dr. G. Doremberg, a high French medical authority, states that alum is not only a good clarifying agent, but it is also a germicide. Three grains agitated through a quart of water will not only leave it clear at the end of twenty-four hours, but will leave it free from germs. Dr. Doremberg goes on to say that another effective germicide is acid, and he declares that six grains of citric acid in a pint of water as an ordinary drink will destroy all the bacilli in the water and fortify the stomach.

This is reassuring, and especially the fact brought out concerning the properties of alum as a germicide. Atlanta, it seems, is safe from any point of view. Her altitude protects her, and even without that advantage the alum in her drinking water would kill anything like cholera germs. With these facts before us it is plain that as a matter of local concern the cholera has no further interest for us.

Why Weaver Retires.

General Weaver has retired from the campaign in Georgia, leaving several dates to be filled, and disappointing large numbers of democrats who are anxious to exhibit their enthusiasm. The excuse which General Weaver gives for refusing to visit the points where he has been advertised to speak is plausible enough under the circumstances, but it is far from being the true one.

The real trouble with General Weaver, and the true reason why he has canceled his engagements in Georgia and other southern states is that he has been made the victim of a gross deception. We do not know who is responsible for this, but it is unquestionably the fact that General Weaver came to Georgia firmly believing that the woods were fairly swarming with third party people, and that all that was necessary to get them in shape for sweeping the state was a few resounding stump orations.

But what are the facts? In Ware county, of which Waycross is the capital, there are not more than twenty-five third party men—certainly not enough to give General Weaver a sympathetic audience. Yet he was advertised to speak at Waycross by the third party managers, and did speak there. He spoke at Albany, and yet there are not a half dozen third party voters in Dougherty county. There is, proportionately, the same state of affairs wherever General Weaver has appeared in Georgia. It is true, there have been some very disagreeable examples of hoodlumism at some of the meetings, and for these there is no excuse whatever; but the main trouble—the central difficulty—has been the fact that the audiences General Weaver has been compelled to face were not only unsympathetic but overwhelmingly antagonistic, and no public speaker or candidate for office can go through such an experience with any degree of comfort or satisfaction.

We have no doubt that word went forth to General Weaver from Georgia that the third party was strong and vigorous here, and that all it needed here to emphasize its vitality was a little coaching here and there from its presidential candidate. General Weaver's retirement shows that his eyes are open to the true situation. The bottom had fallen out of the third party movement before he responded to the call of the third party leaders here. Whether these leaders have deceived themselves, or whether they really understood the situation in Georgia, we shall not pretend to say; but we do know that their presidential candidate no longer has any doubt about it. Whatever criticism he has to make should fall on the leaders who have entrapped him into making a barren and an unnecessary campaign in a quarter where the third party has no strength whatever.

One of the characteristics of the people of Georgia is the conservatism that is the result of common sense. This characteristic shows itself in a thousand different directions, in their enterprises, in their society, in their literature—which is peculiarly and distinctly their own—and in their politics. In common with the people of the whole country they have suffered from the disastrous results of republican class legislation, but nothing could be more foolish or futile than the idea that they will turn on themselves, their wives and their children and on their best interests, merely because they have been unable to secure the repeal of the vicious laws enacted by the republicans.

The farmers of Georgia have done a good deal of grumbling and complaining, and The Constitution has helped them to do it, but the idea of dividing the democracy and perpetuating the party that has oppressed them has never entered their minds. The consequence is that the third party really meant the bottom fell completely out of the movement.

Literature That Is Needed.

The southern division of the Illinois Central railroad has a literary bureau, and it is turning out some interesting and valuable matter. We have before us a handsome and profusely illustrated pamphlet, issued by this road, compiled by Mr. J. F. Merry, its assistant general passenger agent, entitled "Where to Locate New Factories," and a glance through the work shows that it gives a full description of certain promising towns in Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi and Louisiana, and a carefully prepared statement of such facts as would interest persons contemplating investments in those states in the manufacturing line.

What this road is doing for the territory along its southern division should be done by every railway running through

the south. Similar pamphlets should be issued yearly by our boards of trade, and by our leading real estate agencies. These publications should discuss southern agriculture, southern manufactures, southern mining, and the south as a general field for investors, settlers and tourists. We ought to print them every year and scatter them throughout the United States and Europe. When picturesquely written and illustrated they will find readers and will produce a favorable impression.

We have suggested this many times, and we welcome this bright little book as a pioneer heralding the advent of more descriptive and statistical literature of the same sort. We cannot have too much of it.

What Democratic Defeat Means.

It would be well for those good men and true who are temporarily bewitched by the flap-draped declamation of the third party speakers to consider the inevitable results of the overthrow of democracy in the pending presidential contest.

It ought to be quite enough to know that for obvious reasons it involves the enthronement of republicanism far into the twentieth century. Strongly entrenched as that party will be by the defeat and consequent demoralization of the only national party that has any prospect of permanency the work of centralization will go forward at a double quick until it will crush out the last hope of local self-government. That means that the south, which is the minority section will be bound to impalpable powder between the upper and nether millstones. There is no escape from it then from a doom as deep and damaging as the fate of Poland when Kosciuszko died on the ramparts of Warsaw—a calamity only matched by the career of Cronwell which for two centuries desolated the land of Emmet and O'Connell. With all departments of the general movement controlled by the republican party the taxing power will continue to be used for the enrichment of manufacturing classes at the expense of wage-workers and the greater impoverishment of the agricultural classes. The pension burden upon one or another pretext of loyalty will be doubled or quadrupled—the unfair tariff discrimination that makes your clothing of every sort cost you from 50 to 200 per cent more than it ought will be indefinitely perpetuated. The same unjust discrimination that adds to the cost of your farming implements and the tin vessels of your household use will be continued. Such invidious bounties as are paid the maple syrup manufacturers of Vermont will be resorted to for other northern industries. The reckless expenditures of the billion congress will be repeated as often as partisan purposes may demand. It requires no gift of prophecy to see that under such a regime the south will continue to suffer from the stragglings of the money market. If it be assumed that, in the face of all these hindrances, Georgia is one of the most prosperous of the southern states, has increased her taxable values from two hundred and odd millions in 1866 to twice that amount in 1892, it ought to be a sufficient reply that this increase in nearly the third of a century is far short of that which marked her increase during the single decade of 1850-60.

Let no democratic voter be terrorized by the scare-crow of free trade. As long as republican monopolists retain their present hold on a solid north, this tariff robbery will be practiced and its demands enforced by Pinkerton detectives. But great and pressing as may be the need for tariff reform, this economic issue is of less vital significance than the force bill which still looms up along the political horizon. While it is true that republican leaders, purely for campaign purposes are wisely reticent, yet neither their national platform, nor Mr. Harrison's letter of acceptance justifies the hope that this infamous project is abandoned. The present quietness on that subject is but the calm that forebodes the storm. Once assured of a new lease of power by the results of the November election, these leaders will throw aside the mask and the storm of sectional hate will break in tenfold fury on the southern states. Under color of "a free ballot and a fair count" the government will flood the south on the eve of every national election with an army of federal marshals and the republican threat of "a bargain behind every ballot" will become a reality. Next in order will be negro supremacy in three or more southern states and the whole south once more overpowered by dint of numbers will be the Ireland of the new world, with her honor gone, her traditions lost, her noble women at the mercy of brutal rapists, her old confederates tottering downward to dishonored graves—but we turn away from the sickening spectacle.

How long will the Cleverlands and Hills and Thurmans and Flowers and Russells stand in the "immortal dead" breathless in defense of a people so stupid as not to see their peril, or so cowardly as not to fight against it?

The issue is made up—the responsibility is upon us. What will you do with it? Will any considerable number of our people still tamper with third partyism? Will they follow the leadership of men who, like Kolb and Watson, are more intent on avenging their personal wrongs, whether they be real or imaginary, than on saving the south from dishonor?

The Chief Justiceship. Judge Logan E. Heckley's term of office as chief justice of Georgia expires in the next few months, and the next legislature is to elect his successor.

Georgia never had a more able chief justice, and his eminent ability is recognized not only in every section of the state, but in every part of the union.

For some time rumors have been circulated that Judge Heckley was to be opposed and that a combination was at work to defeat him.

The Constitution does not believe that there is any foundation to this report, and we feel satisfied that the distinguished judge will have no opposition for re-election.

that he would not naturally suggested the succession. The names of the present associate justices were mentioned, and this in turn called the attention of the friends of other well-known lawyers to the vacancy that would be occasioned should either of the present associate justices be promoted to the first place on the supreme bench; and the admirers of Judge George F. Gober, who so ably presides over the Blue Ridge circuit, were prompted by his efficiency and his popularity to take into consideration his promotion in the event of a vacancy.

Had Judge Heckley refused to continue, and had there been a vacancy on the supreme bench, Judge Gober's recognized merits and his great personal strength in the state, would very naturally have suggested his name to his friends in the choice of the new associate justice.

Judge Heckley, however, consented to be a candidate for re-election. He could not do otherwise in the face of the very general demand of the bar of the state for the continuance of his services in the position which he has so long and honorably filled.

Several months ago Judge Heckley sent his resignation to the governor, and The Constitution was the first to ascertain the fact and to make it public, with an urgent editorial appeal that he reconsider his action. So strong was the demand of the bar, and of the press, that he was forced to yield, and his resignation was withdrawn.

A few weeks ago The Constitution made public the splendid petition of the bar of the state, asking that he again submit his name for re-election, and it gave us great pleasure to endorse the warm words of the call and to publish the feeling response of Judge Heckley, yielding to the request of the bar.

Georgia never had a purer, more upright, or more loved chief justice than Judge Heckley, and the people admire him for his rugged honesty and sterling simplicity. We do not believe he will have any opposition for re-election. Judge Simmons has announced that he will not be a candidate, and the friends of Judge Lumpkin, in his absence from the city, make the same announcement for him. This will therefore leave no vacancy in either of the associate chairs, and how ever laudable may be the desire of the friends of Judge Gober to elevate him to the supreme bench, we are satisfied that it is not, and never has been their purpose to have him oppose Judge Heckley.

We do not approve the indiscriminate onslaught which has been made, involving even the associate justices in a vast combination to defeat Judge Heckley. Either Judge Simmons or Judge Lumpkin would adorn the highest place on the bench; but we are sure that neither of them has contemplated antagonizing Judge Heckley.

Than Judge Gober there is not a more upright or conscientious judge in Georgia; and the time will come, and that before many years, when in recognition of his merit he will be called to a seat on the highest tribunal of the state.

Judge Heckley will have no opposition, and he should not have. He has made a judge of whom the whole state is proud, and to whom the legislature should say: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

As The Constitution has often stated, he is one of the most brilliant minds the state ever produced, and his name will go to history along with those of the greatest of Georgia's long list of great men.

If the mugwumps really want Mr. Cleveland elected they would do well to put an extinguisher on Mr. W. R. Grace.

Now is the time for Massachusetts mugwumps to join with the democrats and carry the state for Cleveland. Massachusetts should take advantage of the opportunity to set herself right before the country.

Even Editor Halstead has failed thus far to discover any enthusiasm for Mr. Harrison.

General Weaver was evidently the victim of a gay deceiver.

General Stevenson is one of the red-hot, old-time democrats, and his campaign in the south has been a remarkable one.

EDITORIAL COMMENT. General John Pope died at Cincinnati last Thursday. He was the commander of the military district during the reconstruction era, and is remembered by many of our citizens. He was unpopular, but his soldierly pride caused him to spare our people many petty annoyances.

The duke of Sutherland, who died in England the other day, owns an orange grove in Florida, where he occasionally spent a winter. His marriage to Mrs. Blair, his housekeeper, shocked society a few years ago.

Mr. Fowdery, of the Knights of Labor, has deserted the democratic party and will vote for Harrison. The workmen will know just how much confidence to place in Fowdery after this.

Editor W. H. Phelps, of the Alliance, Ohio, Party Review, who was the democratic candidate for congress against McKinley in 1888, is out for Harrison. A change in his tariff views has caused his sudden flip.

The democracy will clear the decks of a lot of useless timber this year.

A SUNDAY'S YMPHONY.

CONSOLATION.

Over the deep through which I pass, dear heart,
 Blown by winds, I always hear you say:
 "Be still and await, until another day—
 Blow, wind, sail sails, from over every mart!
 Blow soft and sweet, nor fear the lightning's dart."
 "Till in the calm, dear harbor, far away,
 His soul shall rest." Then, if the ocean spray
 Dashes my white face, I will not sing or pray,
 I know that some time, toll will find release,
 I know that I, far-striving out at sea,
 Where tempests lower and where storms incense,
 Will yet, at last, safe in the haven be,
 And my sad soul shall find one night of peace,
 Dear heart! in kissing and remembering thee!

—FRANK L. STANTON.

This week's issue of The LaGrange Reporter contains a cut and a sketch of the distinguished physician and statesman, Dr. R. A. T. Hildreth. The doctor was several times a colleague of Ben Hill in the legislature, and they were both typical whigs. Dr. R. A. Hildreth, one of Atlanta's leading citizens, is a son of this popular Georgian.

A Lively Time. Citizens—Yesterday you were in the dumps, and you couldn't get a word out of you. Now you are cheerful. What's the matter?

Editor—Jerusalem! don't you know? I issued seventeen war reports in seventeen minutes. Every man in the country is running for election.

another time the north deserves hearty congratulations.

Here's a Thought for You. So long the pines have moaned their woes. While wind and sunbeam chide them. The willows dream of grayed brows. And, weeping, bend to hide them!

The Billville Banner.

Our brother came to see us yesterday and, fortunately, brought a week's provisions. He came to see about the sale of our history of the war, and after he found that we still had sixteen barrels of flour in passing down our last week's copy. Brothers, we need groceries!

The collection which will be taken up in church today is for the benefit of the heathen. Brothers, we need money.

Our wife's mother is lying ill at her home. This is the first time in our life that we were ever born of our own house. We feel a deep sympathy for every other man in town.

WAR OF THE FORCE BILL.

Clark Howell Tells Why Republicans Fight Sky of It in the Campaign. (Editorial in The New York Herald September 23d.)

A Ruyant Democratic View. In the present political situation Mr. Clark Howell, whose letter appears prominently in today's Herald and its European edition, sees much that is bright and encouraging for his party.

The republicans, he says, have realized that the force bill is a mistake and are anxious to drop it. This and other signs indicate that "the feast of the republican Belshazzar is about over."

On the other hand the democrats, he claims, have every reason to take a rosy view of matters. They may contemplate with special satisfaction the situation in New York, New Jersey, Indiana, Michigan and Wisconsin. Mr. Howell refrains from lengthening too much this list of hopeful states lest he be classed as a rainbow chaser.

Mr. Howell's Letter. An interesting situation is presented in the fight of the republicans from the Minneapolis platform. They have been explaining or modifying or amending or regretting that platform ever since it was constructed, and now, like rats deserting a sinking ship, they are leaving it. The force bill plank is an admitted error, and one after another, in judgment procession, Messrs. Halstead, Cockrell and Whitlaw have passed before the public and declared that it meant nothing; that the force bill was not an issue and that the democrats were unnecessarily alarming the public about it.

The force bill experiment was a doubtful expedient at best, but having been so thoroughly committed to it by the Reed congress the republican party had but one of two things to do—leave it severely alone or make a bold stand in vindication of the republican house. The latter course had the advantage of being in line with the always sectional attitude of the republican party, and its adoption as a vital party principle would be either an immensely popular hit or it would at least do no damage.

Thus reasoned the leaders at Minneapolis, and they took the chub. It now develops that they reckoned without their heads. The warriors who then had their battle axes out for the south are getting in one another's way now in the rapidity with which they are deserting the force bill issue and the solid south.

Mr. Reid, of The Tribune, in a recent Brooklyn speech, adopts Mr. Halstead's patriotic argument that as the south is to be again sold it must be met by a solid north. This is a broad argument on which to base a party's aspirations, but as the republican rallying cry it will fall short of its purpose, for the people are reasoning in this campaign on the liberal line of what is best for them and the country in the crisis caused by republican corruption and extravagance rather than being controlled by the narrow limits of sectional animosity.

A New York or Indiana farmer who has an eye to his own good must be blind indeed to put in a ballot solely against the south, as Mr. Reid would have it, when by so doing he gives his sanction to a continuation of the tariff robbery to which he is being subjected by the republican party. A laborer who takes Mr. Reid's advice to go to bind for the republican party just because the south is against it certainly does not consider that in voting to punish the south he is doing infinitely the more injury to himself in casting a ballot to perpetuate the burden of high taxation and double prices for the clothes he wears, these being some of the benefits of the republican policy of protection. An argument so broader than that the north should be sold because the south will be so an insult to the intelligence of the party.

A democratic president, four years ago, after one of the cleanest administrations in the history of the country, stepped down and out leaving behind his splendid record a hundred million dollars of surplus to the credit of the people.

Under the succeeding administration that surplus has been pilaged and wasted by the savage onslaughts of partisan plunderers until the people are confronted with a substantial evidence of republican extravagance in the shape of a large and rapidly increasing deficit.

Fraud and collusion in the administration of the pension department is turning millions of dollars from needy veterans, for whom the government should always liberally provide, into the pockets of an army of pension sharks who are growing rich at the expense of the people's liberty. Thousands of fraudulent veterans are depriving real ones of the appropriations to which they are entitled, and in many ways the pension bureau stands before the people of the country as a monstrous carnival of corruption and extravagance. The democratic party is committed to the most liberal policy for deserving veterans, but it cannot meet every just demand on far less than its now annually in the multiplicity of millions turned to corrupt use at the loss of the veterans, then thieves will be as a premium and corruption will be the thing in public office.

The handwriting is on the wall, and the feast of the republican Belshazzar is about over. Consternation is the forerunner of defeat, and the shaggy legs now performing so many curious antics on the republican platform give evidence that the panic is on. A thoroughly united and harmonious democracy in New York assures that state by probably from twenty to thirty thousand majority, New Jersey and Connecticut are safe for Cleveland, and Indiana is certain to reverse its bare majority of four years ago for its home candidate. More than half of Michigan's electoral vote will be democratic and the chances are two to one that Wisconsin will sweep itself some, and the country more, by stepping across to the democratic side, in which it properly belongs. Iowa and Massachusetts will let prophecy run its course, for if I go further anybody may do me the injustice to class me with the rainbow chasers.

—R. K. HOWELL.

Atlanta, Ga., September 22, 1893.

THE JOURNEY OF LIFE.

We are wandering hither and thither, Along through the journey of life, And we wander in the valley of flowers. And climb the steep mountain of strife: We are baking betimes in the sunlight, With hearts and with faces aglow; But the day becomes mist with the dawn, And streams away a misty flow.

There are lessons to learn while we journey, To sunny or cloudy the way; And 'tis oft what we gain in the morning We lose are the close of the day; So the days come and go, and the shadows Still wear the same mantle of gloom; Yet the stars are as bright 'neath the moon, And pointing beyond the fair noon.

O! the days and the years change so little, The comes so unwaried is fate; Though we question the why and the wherefore, We cannot get our standpoint of view; We change, not our standpoint of view; In we'll look from the mount of Sion, Across the fair valley of love, We will see just below us a nation, Shrouded in gloom and in woe.

HAM ON THE HUSINGS.

A New Meteor Has Flashed in the Political Skies

And Scores the Third Party with a Fund of Illustrative and Characteristic Anecdotes.

The pending campaign in Georgia has brought toward a class of men and rough and tumble fighting which Georgia has not known since the days of the old whigs and democrats.

Since the war political contests in Georgia have been between white republicans, scalawags and carpetbaggers, backed by the negroes, and the democrats, composing the patriots, culture and refinement of the South. They have been practically no contests. Democratic campaigns have been easy going. The older and more prominent men have been nominated for the office. They sauntered about easily, spoke only when they cared to and enjoyed



at leisurely political picnics. The candidates for congress would make a series of appointments a week apart and speak to their admiring constituents. They had things all their own way.

But now the democratic party has been confronted by a new condition of affairs. The alliance movement which started as an industrial movement has drifted and drifted until finally under the saddle of the democratic party, it has ridden squarely into a political party. The better element declined to follow but many have gone with the demagogue.

Thus confronted the democracy is fighting for life with all that implies—white supremacy, the control of the state and the political salvation of the people.

The other side, with everything to gain and nothing to lose, has drawn to itself all the discontented elements; fellows who are never able to get office in the democratic party, shiftless farmers who find themselves mortgaged because they haven't pursued business methods, and have succeeded in creating a condition that at one time appeared to be serious.

The two sides are arrayed and glaring at each other and both fighting for all in it. These conditions have resulted in bringing to the surface a set of young, bright campaigners who are making fun and fight throughout the state.

Ham's Descent.

Down from the mountains has come a young fellow who heretofore has been unknown throughout the state only in his own ballroom, as a country editor. He had been a member of the legislature in a quiet, peaceful time when there was nothing to be done to attract attention. Alighting in a county in the tenth congressional district where the brass and brawny campaign between Black and White had attracted his attention he proceeded to make a speech for democracy that has caused all Georgia to look upon him as the wonder from the mountains.

H. W. J. Ham is a tall, strapping, smooth-faced fellow with the air of a comedian.

His arguments are almost entirely in stories.

"The conditions in Georgia now," he will begin, "are significant because all the old elements which have always fought democracy, the rounders, snollygosters, shoulder-busters and sons of guns, the discordant elements, every atom of which is a storm center of political disintegration are mastered under this piebald banner of so-called reform. They remind me of a little story."

An Opening Story.

"Johnny was reading in his third reader and he came on the story of the three Hebrew children. Their names staggered him. This teacher explained to him they were pronounced Shadrach, Meshack and Abednego, charging him to remember this as he would probably encounter the names again. A day or two after he did and he felt over them again. The teacher explained for a second time and warned Johnny that the next time he failed to pronounce them he would lick him. A day or two after, while reading alone, Johnny suddenly stopped, raised his face to his eyes and commenced to blubber."

"What's the matter?" the teacher asked.

"Them same three durned fellows, Shadrach, Meshack and Abednego."

Light on the Platform.

In discussing the platform of the new party he tells of how they started out with the St. Louis platform, then the Omaha platform, the Federation of Trades at Washington and finally the Omaha platform. The Omaha platform does not represent any idea of the Omaha platform which is the pride of the farmers.

"Omaha platform," says he, "reminds me of John's pants. John was going to a party and had bought a new pair of hand-made pants. When he tried them on he found them three inches too long. He asked Sally to cut them off and hem them up. Sally didn't want John to go to the party and vowed she wouldn't do it. They passed some pepper and sauce words about it. The good old mother-in-law learning of the altercation thought Sally too hard on John, so she quietly got the pants, cut three inches off and hemmed them up again. The sister-in-law who from another room had heard the altercation, thought she would take a hand in peacemaking matters. She found the pants later and took off another three inches. Sally, after looking down the hemmed affairs, repented and took three more inches off them. Then she asked John from his map and told him he had better go on to the party. John seemed quite in the dark and went. When he got to the party and stepped quickly into the light he cut about the same

figure as the Omaha platform when you turn on the Ocala search light."

The Little Boy's Pants.

Then he goes right into another. "When talking about their platform," says he, "you cannot tell what they mean. It is like the little boy whose mother made him his first pair of pants and proudly sent him off to the kindergarten. He returned home crying. The boys at school had laughed at him. He went to his mother and told her that he wanted a pair of store pants for with these on he couldn't tell whether he was going to school or coming home."

Lord, What a Lie I've Been!

Into another he goes in this way:

"Mr. Watson, elected as a democrat, abuses the democrats and says they have done nothing for the country, but have gone back on every pledge. When I hear a man say that I want to tell him the story of a fellow who wanted to jump a stream on a Texas prairie.

"The stream looked like it was about seven feet wide. He didn't notice that the grass dropped over on either side about three feet. He went back to take a run and go over. Here he came lickety-split. When he got within three feet of where he thought he was going to rise he went through the grass into the water over his head. He couldn't swim a lick. He caught hold of the wet, slick grass and got his head out of the water. He thought it was time to pray. He said, 'O Lord, I never stole a horse home. His hold slipped and under he went again. He managed to grab the grass and get his head above the water a second time. This time he said, 'Lord, have mercy upon me.' I never branded another man's cow, ran away with another man's wife nor burned a house in all my life. His hold slipped again and he went under. Getting to the surface a third time with greater difficulty he thought he would be honest with the Lord. He said, 'But O Lord God, what a liar I have been.'"

He Had All the Balls in His Pocket.

One peculiar feature of this campaign is that the third party orators, relying as they must, largely on the negro vote, are very confident to say nothing against the republican party. This mountain oratorical genius comments with great vigor and effectiveness upon this peculiar silence and then proceeds to explain it by saying that just for office is the lever that moves these fellows. The democrats have all the offices. They want them. Hence the abuse of the democrats and silence as to the republicans who have none, and this like most other things reminds him of a story.

A white man traveling along a river road, he says, "came upon an old negro and a little darky sitting on the bank fishing. Grown weary waiting for a bite the little darky was nodding and suddenly he tumbled into the river. The white man, old darky threw down his pole and dived down after him. He pulled him out, caught him by the feet and slung the water out of him, turned him over and set him down with a thump, and said: 'Now, wake up an' set dar, you lazy little rascal an' don't you fall in dat water no mo'."

"The white man who stopped said admiringly: 'That was a very brave act, old man—the boy is your son, I suppose.'"

"No," said the old darky indignantly, "de little rascal nix to kin me, but he no more jist as well 'er been. He had all de bait in his pocket."

The Groom and the Coddish Balls.

Another one of the peculiarities of this campaign is that the third party leaders advise their people not to read democratic literature or to hear democratic speakers, the classical and picturesque advice of Mr. Watson to his followers being to "keep in the middle of the road and wait until I come." Our mountain genius finds in this heretofore unheard of proposition a rich field for his wit and satire.

He says there is something wrong with the party whose adherents fear to hear the other side, that it is the man with the paste daubed who is afraid of the light, that something is rotten in Denmark, when one white man is afraid to hear another talk.

It reminds him of a fellow up in the mountains who got married in the olden days and went by stage on a bridal trip to Charleston.

At the hotel the waiter brought ether, shook the water out of his feathers, never seen any. He supposed them to be crickets. He stuck out his tongue and took a bite of it. He liked the taste of it but little and the smell less. After several frantic and unsuccessful attempts to masticate it he acquiesced it his stomach became critically rebellious. He took it out of his mouth, slipped it under the edge of his plate and turning to his wife, said: "Sally, the landlord looks like a coddish man and I wouldn't hurt his feelings, so we won't say anything about it, but I'll be d-d if there ain't something dead in that bread."

When the Cyclone Struck Him.

Illustrating the idea that when the election is over in the tenth Watson will wonder where he was when the cyclone struck Ham's name is in the story of a parrot whose owner wanted to break him of cursing. He was told the first time the parrot cursed to throw a bucket of water on him and when the parrot cursed again the next morning as he went out the parrot exclaimed, "It's a d-d hot day!"

Immediately the man slung a bucket of water through the cage. A few years later and round until the parrot was almost killed. The parrot gathered himself together, shook the water out of his feathers, looked up at his owner and shrieked: "Where in the d-d were you when the cyclone struck us?"

Ham's Prize Mule.

Commenting on the idea that the third party stands no chance Ham points out that the best men who started out with it have returned to the democracy. He reminds him of a man with a mule. He was a long, lean, lank Georgian with jeans pants, red shoes and one gaiter fastened with a nail at one end and a button at the other. He was galloping his mule up and down in front of a country doctory. The mule was a forlorn looking specimen, one ear set forward and the other backward. His hip bones stood out like pegs on a party and his ribs showed through his hide like a hoop skirt through a calico frock on a windy day. He was sore-backed and wind galled and saddle rubbed and harness chafed. The fellow would gallop up and stop and as a sort of general challenge to the crowd would swear he had the best mule in Georgia.

"You," said one of the hangers on, lounging over the balustrade, with three or four drinks of corn liquor under his hickory shirt, "he's a durn good mule."

"How do you know," said the rider sharply.

"Because I see the buzzards had him and he got away."

Fort's Mrs. Lease.

After jumping the woman's suffrage plank he takes the boys in a confidential way if they have ever seen Mrs. Lease. "Well, I have," says he. "Well, boys, she is a plumb right. If I had a hundred dollars I'd bet that she was as good as the gate. I'd kill him before noon. She could sit on a stump in the shade and have the corn out of a—"

corn field without a gun. She's got a face that's harder and sharper than a butcher's cleaver. I could take her by her heels and split an inch board with it. She's got a nose like an ant-eater, a voice like a cat fight and a face that is rank poison to the naked eye."

Set John Again for Kela.

His general wind up on the demagogue's who are mistreating people is that they will be heard no more. In future the people will not recognize or tolerate them. There will be nobody so poor as to do them honor. The people will have about as much use for them as did the widow of John Stonewall. John was no account. He wouldn't work but lazed around home and consumed what his industrious wife and his boys and girls made on a little farm down in Camden county. John came up missing one day. Search was made for him, supposing he was off drunk. Finally, in the course of a week some neighbor suggested possibly he had been drowned. They dragged the creek for him and found him. The remains were in a sad condition, identification depending principally upon his apparel. They brought him home and hid him out on the floor of the one small room of his late residence. The stricken widow set her arms akimbo, and looking calmly down upon him, remarked, "Well, he's pretty dead, ain't he?" Seeing something unusual about his mouth she stooped down, caught hold of it and pulled out an old lady. The head of another took its place and so on until she had a half dozen squirming on the floor.

"What shall we do with him?" sympathizingly asked one of the party.

"I guess you had better take him back and set him again for kela," said the old lady. "It's the only thing he's ever brought into this house."

The Lion and the Skunk.

In describing what will become of the third party he gives this little allegory: "I have somewhere read a story of a lion who lay asleep in a forest. There came along a pestiferous little animal whose name I will not call, who, with an old grudge against the lion, thought it would get some satisfaction to slip up on his back, for he thought he was dead. The lion was not dead. He awoke and simply placed his paw upon this pestiferous little animal and all the pestiferous little animal was left of it will be a little green spot on the sand and a little stench. I want to tell you, my fellow citizens, that the democratic lion in Georgia is alive and awake, and he will place his paw on the paw of his power upon this pestiferous little skunk of a third party and all that will be left of it will be a little green spot on the sand and a little stench. It is as good as a show to hear him."

E. W. BARRETT.



THE DARWINIAN THEORY VINDICATED.

Human beings do descend from apes.

From Puck.

NEWS FROM CHEROKEE.

What Is Going on in Canton and the Neighborhood.

Canton, Ga., September 23—(special)—This week has added a number of new names to the roll of Canton's school, the Etowah Institute, and near one hundred pupils daily answer to the roll call, and still they come. Owing to the rapid increase in attendance, Prof. Pollock has this week added another teacher, Miss Rena Hubert, of Barrett, Ga., to the faculty, and the work is now much better divided.

More and more thorough and effective work will be done. All the faculty have taught in graded schools the past year, and the work of grading this year has begun, and will be completed at an early date. There will be ten grades, according to his or her advancement. Our school is really on a boom and promises to be one of the best in Georgia.

Newton J. Wheeler and some others went out on a raid over last week and captured a blockade still and a lot of meat, etc. Some time ago Mr. Wheeler had a still stolen from his registered distillery near Cherokee Mills, and as luck would have it, the still he got the other night was the one stolen from him. There was no one about the still when it was found.

Cherokee Superior court adjourned last Wednesday, thus completing all business that could be disposed of in five days—two days of last week and three of this. This shows up well for Cherokee. The grand jury presentment and list of jurors drawn for next term will be published next week.

Canton received her first bale of new cotton this season yesterday. It was brought in by Burnett Day, of New Freedomville. He struck off a new record, weighed 440 pounds and was sold to R. T. Jones & Co. for 71-16 cents.

Cleveland?—Harrison?

Who will be our next President?

What will be his Popular Vote?

In 1888 Cleveland received 5,539,764, and Harrison 5,445,003 popular votes.

As to the fifty persons making the best guesses, we will give

50 GOLD WATCHES

The guess nearest correct will receive a Solid Gold Watch.

The next nearest 49 guesses will each receive a fine Bristle Gold Watch.

With nothing or slight movement, seven jewels, stem winder and leather.

The Way to Do It.

To entitle you to a

guess you must get two families who do not use

He-No Tea to faithfully promise you that they will try

HE-NO TEA.

Write their names and addresses plainly on a postal card, then the name of Cleveland or Harrison, and the number of votes you think he will get. Send your names and card at the bottom.

It will be advisable to send in your guesses early. In the event of tie, the first guess received will get the prize.

We guess received before Nov. 15, 1893. It will only cost you one postal card to make a guess, and there will be fifty winners. You may be one of them.

Remember, however, with the remarkable good quality of He-No Tea will please send us their names and addresses on a postal card, and we will mail them a Bristle Gold Watch as a prize of He-No Tea free.

Address: MARTIN GILLEY & CO., 112 Peachtree Street, Atlanta, Ga.

GET YOUR Blank Books, Ledgers, Journals, Cash Books, Binding, Electrotyping, etc., etc., of

JAS. P. HARRISON & CO., (The Publishers' Exchange House), 112 Peachtree Street, Atlanta, Ga.

Send Coupon for Free Book. Write names and addresses plainly on a postal card, then the name of Cleveland or Harrison, and the number of votes you think he will get. Send your names and card at the bottom.

ARP ON POLITICS.

The Squabble for Office Causing Lots of Trouble,

AND THE CROPS ARE SUFFERING

Because the Farmers are Attending Political Meetings When They Should Be Killing Grass.

"Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." I reckon it would be a goodly sight to see us all torn up now. Politics has done it. The sunny south is no longer solid—it is "discovered, discordant, delirious."

Politics in its last analysis is the love of office and I verily believe it would be better for us to surrender all the offices to our foes than to get up such a contention among ourselves. A public office may be a public trust, but it is a mighty poor thing to have. In the first place it costs more than it is worth to get it and you can't keep it very long after you do get it, and your enemies are watching you all the time and the newspapers give you a side-eye occasion, if you don't dance to their music. Heard a man say not long ago that it had cost him \$2,500 dollars to get the nomination and do the underground work, and he wasn't elected yet and might not be. I know another man who spent \$800 and never got the nomination. He used to be a lively, jolly man, but now he looks sad and bereaved and wears a grave all over his countenance like somebody was dead in his family. It is the state that kicks up all the dust. If a politician is not put on the slate he can flop over just as easy as falling off a log. Kolb was a Cleveland democrat and says he was cheated out of the office, and now he flops over to the third party and is going to be a Caver, and his followers have flopped with him. What kind of democracy is that? Weaver was a republican, but he didn't put him on the slate and he joins the people's party. But the mystery is solved. The old politicians can fool their followers and keep them in line. Carlyle said that England had a population of 30,000,000—mostly fools—and I reckon it is the same everywhere. We are all fools more or less about our politics. There are only about a dozen offices to be held in this county and yet about three thousand people are excited over it like it was a life and death matter to them and I'm afraid the cotton won't be picked out until after the elections are over, and then it will be set down as stained and bristled about by the followers of the office who are men of principle and have the good of the people at heart, and will do to trust anywhere. Mr. Everett is a good man and I honor him for his consistency and his unselfish adhesion to principle.

I believe that Mr. Cleveland is about as free from the arts and tricks of the politician as a man can be and we have some good men in congress and have nominated some more good men, but I wouldn't trust a member of a secret, out-bound, political party out of my sight. I never think of them but what I think of Macbeth when he says to the witches, "How now, ye secret dark and midnight hag! What is it ye do?" And they answered, "A deed without a name." Mr. Jefferson said: "Error of opinion may be tolerated when reason is left free to combat it," but what chance has reason, except to talk through the hole of a third party secret meeting. What chance has reason when the leaders say, "Don't read their papers, don't listen to their speeches, don't talk politics with them, don't read the newspapers, don't tell until I begin to read the other side, and I consider it my duty for they lied, too, from top to bottom, and a man has to split the difference to get at the truth. If I was a teacher of young men I would have them read and study and then the principles of all religious sects and the theories of all governments and the arguments for and against the protective tariff and free coinage, and the advantages and disadvantages of monarchy and of a republican government. This kind of education would kill prejudice and make people tolerant if nothing else. This secret, midnight, back-lantern, star-chamber business is the curse of all progress and all fellowship. I don't like secrets now, and I never could keep one. They are unbecomable, and a man who has a pocket full of mystery is a mighty poor company. He is thinking all the time how much he can get out of you and how little you are going to get out of him. I don't get reconciled to the Farmers' Alliance after it got into politics and ruled me out. It was an insult to my good will, my friendship, my intelligence. It was an insult to me as a man, and I haven't been big enough and we can't trust you."

But it has passed away and I suppose it is unkind to abuse the dead. I wish that it had left no offspring, but there is a lively little bug that seems to be kicking up quite a dust in the big road. At first we thought it was a white child, but it is turning dark so fast we can't tell what it will be in a year or two. It is lives that long. Now I will venture to make a prediction. If the people's party carries Alabama it will be the only southern state, and if it carries three or four western states and has enough electoral votes to hold the balance of power between the two old parties their leaders will sell out to Harrison. Kolb may have been cheated out of the governorship, but if he proposes to take revenge on Governor Jones by deserting Mr. Cleveland, he is a fraud and what's fit to be governor. His party now consists of disappointed office seekers, republican tricksters and ignorant negroes. The same sort of a conglomeration tried to make up a similar party in this district, but it wouldn't work. Up north they have no people's party, but their embassies are down here at work to divide the south, and if money can do it it will be done. This election is the last hope for southern equality in the union. If we fail to elect Mr. Cleveland, then farewell to the equality of the equality, the practice, the manhood that has sustained the south in all her tribulations. Farewell to all her memories and the sweet thought of a republic of the future. A few years more will find them all in their graves, but their children will still be paying tribute to those up north who never die, but multiply and call for more money as the years roll on. The Youth's Companion of last week says: "Pension expenses have increased steadily every year since the war. The amount appropriated for pensions by the last congress is five times what it was in 1870, and more than twice what it was in 1884," and here is the people's party that wants to go back and pay the northern soldiers the difference between gold and greenbacks during the war. Was there ever such an outrage proposed by anybody outside of a Junatic system and is it possible that any southern man can be found who would vote for it? May the Lord help us to keep calm and serene under such a humiliation. And now, twenty-eight years after the war is over, the Grand Army of the Republic, 400,000 strong, have gathered in Washington to celebrate their victory and have another jubilee. The report of nearly three million of men over 700,000 all told. The victory that cost them more lives than we ever had soldiers, and besides, put on the pension roll 634,000 living pensioners. Grand victory! I like to see these honest, sure-enough veterans meet together and have a good time, but if I was them I wouldn't brag. I'd sit low, if I sang at all, and I wouldn't sing at all if there was an old confederate about. BILL ARP.

Dr. W. M. Durham.

71-12 Peachtree street, Atlanta, Ga., where a famous naturalist and physician, successfully treats all character of chronic diseases, of whatever complication.

July 10-4m-sun wed

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup reduces inflammation while children are teething. Send for a free sample.

If you are ill, take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Douglass, Thomas & Davison.

Imported Dress Goods. Evening Silks. Cloaks and Ready Made Suits.

The all important items just now, and the things in which we particularly excel.

Dress Making

By the best corps of artists in the land.

Prompt Service. Best Work.

Moderate prices and an absolute guarantee of satisfaction. Tailor-made and Outing Suits a feature.

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WE ARE HEADQUARTERS FOR HARD WOOD MANTELS Tile Hearths, Facings and Floor Tile, PLAIN AND ENAMELED GRATES, Brass, Silver and Bronze Grates and Fire Place Goods, Combination and Gas Fixtures in Brass, Gilt, Gold, Silver, Bronze, COPPER AND OLD IRON. Cooking and Heating Stoves, Ranges PLUMBERS,

Steam, Hot Air and Hot Water Heating, Gas Fitting, Tin and Galvanized Iron Work a specialty. The best of everything in the Housefurnishing line at bottom prices.

Hunnicutt & Bellingrath Company.

Eight Hundred Elegant Grand Rapids Chamber, Parlor, Dining Room
LIBRARY AND OFFICE FURNITURE.

PEYTON H. SNOOK & SON

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS

FIVE COMPLETE SUITS FOR \$125. SPOT CASH

BIRMINGHAM WON.

THEY WILL PLAY IN ATLANTA

1000, 1100, 1200, 1300, 1400, 1500, 1600, 1700, 1800, 1900, 2000, 2100, 2200, 2300, 2400, 2500, 2600, 2700, 2800, 2900, 3000, 3100, 3200, 3300, 3400, 3500, 3600, 3700, 3800, 3900, 4000, 4100, 4200, 4300, 4400, 4500, 4600, 4700, 4800, 4900, 5000, 5100, 5200, 5300, 5400, 5500, 5600, 5700, 5800, 5900, 6000, 6100, 6200, 6300, 6400, 6500, 6600, 6700, 6800, 6900, 7000, 7100, 7200, 7300, 7400, 7500, 7600, 7700, 7800, 7900, 8000, 8100, 8200, 8300, 8400, 8500, 8600, 8700, 8800, 8900, 9000, 9100, 9200, 9300, 9400, 9500, 9600, 9700, 9800, 9900, 10000, 10100, 10200, 10300, 10400, 10500, 10600, 10700, 10800, 10900, 11000, 11100, 11200, 11300, 11400, 11500, 11600, 11700, 11800, 11900, 12000, 12100, 12200, 12300, 12400, 12500, 12600, 12700, 12800, 12900, 13000, 13100, 13200, 13300, 13400, 13500, 13600, 13700, 13800, 13900, 14000, 14100, 14200, 14300, 14400, 14500, 14600, 14700, 14800, 14900, 15000, 15100, 15200, 15300, 15400, 15500, 15600, 15700, 15800, 15900, 16000, 16100, 16200, 16300, 16400, 16500, 16600, 16700, 16800, 16900, 17000, 17100, 17200, 17300, 17400, 17500, 17600, 17700, 17800, 17900, 18000, 18100, 18200, 18300, 18400, 18500, 18600, 18700, 18800, 18900, 19000, 19100, 19200, 19300, 19400, 19500, 19600, 19700, 19800, 19900, 20000, 20100, 20200, 20300, 20400, 20500, 20600, 20700, 20800, 20900, 21000, 21100, 21200, 21300, 21400, 21500, 21600, 21700, 21800, 21900, 22000, 22100, 22200, 22300, 22400, 22500, 22600, 22700, 22800, 22900, 23000, 23100, 23200, 23300, 23400, 23500, 23600, 23700, 23800, 23900, 24000, 24100, 24200, 24300, 24400, 24500, 24600, 24700, 24800, 24900, 25000, 25100, 25200, 25300, 25400, 25500, 25600, 25700, 25800, 25900, 26000, 26100, 26200, 26300, 26400, 26500, 26600, 26700, 26800, 26900, 27000, 27100, 27200, 27300, 27400, 27500, 27600, 27700, 27800, 27900, 28000, 28100, 28200, 28300, 28400, 28500, 28600, 28700, 28800, 28900, 29000, 29100, 29200, 29300, 29400, 29500, 29600, 29700, 29800, 29900, 30000, 30100, 30200, 30300, 30400, 30500, 30600, 30700, 30800, 30900, 31000, 31100, 31200, 31300, 31400, 31500, 31600, 31700, 31800, 31900, 32000, 32100, 32200, 32300, 32400, 32500, 32600, 32700, 32800, 32900, 33000, 33100, 33200, 33300, 33400, 33500, 33600, 33700, 33800, 33900, 34000, 34100, 34200, 34300, 34400, 34500, 34600, 34700, 34800, 34900, 35000, 35100, 35200, 35300, 35400, 35500, 35600, 35700, 35800, 35900, 36000, 36100, 36200, 36300, 36400, 36500, 36600, 36700, 36800, 36900, 37000, 37100, 37200, 37300, 37400, 37500, 37600, 37700, 37800, 37900, 38000, 38100, 38200, 38300, 38400, 38500, 38600, 38700, 38800, 38900, 39000, 39100, 39200, 39300, 39400, 39500, 39600, 39700, 39800, 39900, 40000, 40100, 40200, 40300, 40400, 40500, 40600, 40700, 40800, 40900, 41000, 41100, 41200, 41300, 41400, 41500, 41600, 41700, 41800, 41900, 42000, 42100, 42200, 42300, 42400, 42500, 42600, 42700, 42800, 42900, 43000, 43100, 43200, 43300, 43400, 43500, 43600, 43700, 43800, 43900, 44000, 44100, 44200, 44300, 44400, 44500, 44600, 44700, 44800, 44900, 45000, 45100, 45200, 45300, 45400, 45500, 45600, 45700, 45800, 45900, 46000, 46100, 46200, 46300, 46400, 46500, 46600, 46700, 46800, 46900, 47000, 47100, 47200, 47300, 47400, 47500, 47600, 47700, 47800, 47900, 48000, 48100, 48200, 48300, 48400, 48500, 48600, 48700, 48800, 48900, 49000, 49100, 49200, 49300, 49400, 49500, 49600, 49700, 49800, 49900, 50000, 50100, 50200, 50300, 50400, 50500, 50600, 50700, 50800, 50900, 51000, 51100, 51200, 51300, 51400, 51500, 51600, 51700, 51800, 51900, 52000, 52100, 52200, 52300, 52400, 52500, 52600, 52700, 52800, 52900, 53000, 53100, 53200, 53300, 53400, 53500, 53600, 53700, 53800, 53900, 54000, 54100, 54200, 54300, 54400, 54500, 54600, 54700, 54800, 54900, 55000, 55100, 55200, 55300, 55400, 55500, 55600, 55700, 55800, 55900, 56000, 56100, 56200, 56300, 56400, 56500, 56600, 56700, 56800, 56900, 57000, 57100, 57200, 57300, 57400, 57500, 57600, 57700, 57800, 57900, 58000, 58100, 58200, 58300, 58400, 58500, 58600, 58700, 58800, 58900, 59000, 59100, 59200, 59300, 59400, 59500, 59600, 59700, 59800, 59900, 60000, 60100, 60200, 60300, 60400, 60500, 60600, 60700

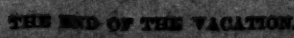
and when Burbridge secured a

Farmer's Daughter—Yes; every day.

I had the calves." —From Judge.

REF ID: A66084

SEP 13 1964



Farmer's Daughter: "Yes, every time I feed the calves." -From Judge.

FOR SALE—Real Estate

CENTRAL property on Trinity avenue, near Whitehall street, 10-room house lot 402103, 113-109, side ally; this will soon be a substantial addition; owner, who has been ill, will soon double his money; the owner has moved away and has ordered me to sell it on any terms for \$5,000.

4-L. H. good well and fine garden, on Edison street, near Fraser; lot 425100; just the place for a cultured family; terms easy and price low, only \$1,500.

BEAUTIFUL new house of seven rooms and rear hall, on a fine, level shady lot 1201170 1/2, on E. Atlanta avenue, near the dummy lot, just outside the city, in a choice neighborhood.

33 1-2-ACRE farm, six miles from the car-
red, on the McDonough road; just the place
for a nice dairy farm; terms easy and price
very down low, \$26 per acre.

W. H. H. on Kelly street, near the Fair street
school, lot 29x187; this is a rare chance to buy
a little home on easy terms and low price;
pr. \$1,200.

THIS IS FOR YOU, if you have a little money and want a bargain, three choice lots.

MONEY TO LOAN at 4, 7 and 9 per cent.

WIFE. WON'T THIS SUIT US? A new room house, on Ave. high lot on Alexander street, only 1-3 mile from postoffice; terms 4 cash, balance monthly, just like paying rent; in a few years it would be our own. All

7-ROOM HOUSE and choice lot, 4 1/2 x 150, on
arkin street, near Walker, small cash pay-
ment, balance \$35 per month without interest;
price for this week only, \$2,350.

TEN ACRES, West Atlanta, five miles from
dashed; \$160 per acre, part cash.

SEVEN ACRES, East Atlanta, three and
a half miles from city, cash \$500.

EIGHTEEN ACRES fruit and truck farm, one and one-half miles out Greensferry road; half cash; \$2,000.

FIFTY ACRES near Manchester for \$35 per acre; this beats buying half-acre lots out there \$300 to \$400 each.

200-ACRE FARM with all the improve-

BESIDES the above I have **many** more special bargains that must be sold at once; all tomorrow and buy one or more of the above some D. Morgan real estate and

A LARGE number of desirable houses for
rent.
CALL and see our list. D. Morrison, 47 W.
Lumber street.

Real Estate Bargains.

FIVE and **SIX-ROOM** houses, \$1,500, month-

250. TWO NEW houses, rent for \$10, \$850.
BRAND new store, 4-room house and vacant
close in, corner lot, water connections,
\$650.
7-ROOM, two-story, Courtland avenue, how

ONE HUNDRED and forty acres, Peachtree and, 4-room and two 3-room houses, large barn, orchard, grapes and other things: the

For Sale by H. H. Jackson, 47 N. Broad St.

\$1,500—4-R. A., north side; \$800 cash, balance in 1896.
 \$2,500—6-R. H., gas and water, north side;
 \$500, \$1,000 cash, \$50 per month.
 \$3,000—8-R. H., close in, \$500 cash, \$50 per
 month.
SEVERAL handsome residences \$7,000 to
 \$5,000. If you want a house for cash or on

**Harry Krouse, Real Estate Bargains, No
20 N. Pryor Street, Kimball House.**

**\$4,250—Two central 6-room brick houses,
\$1,500—Corner lot near Baltimore block,
\$1,200—Nice lot Linden street
\$2,100—Eight-room house, \$750 cash.**

Take stock in the Guarantee Fund Building and Loan Association. If you live until the maturity of the stock you draw your money. If you die, the association carries your stock.

LADIES' COLUMN.

MILLINERY OPENING—A magnificent opening of imported novelties in fine millinery will be exhibited September 27th, 28th and 29th at Miss Mary Ryan's, 45 Whitehall.

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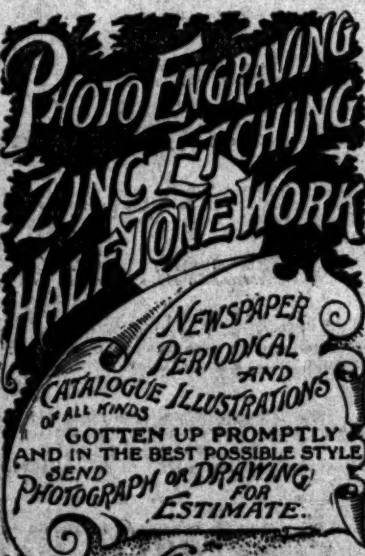
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MORETON'S PROBATION.

An Interesting Love Story by Lucy C. Lillie.

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It had been an inexpressibly dreary day, so far as the weather was concerned, but to John Moreton no summer sunshine could have made it brighter, for it was the last of his "probation"—self-imposed, it was true—yet none the less marking a cruel period of waiting for his life's most coveted possession, and if he smiled in a shame-faced way at his own almost boyish eagerness to be in Stuybridge, where his little sweetheart was waiting for him, at the same time he could not but feel a profound satisfaction as he reflected upon all that his love and tenderness, to say nothing of his wealth, could do for the child's life. He had seen to it that no real want had been denied her since the day, just a year ago, when his old friend George Hilary had commended the girl to his keeping, but even when she had in her childish, trusting fashion promised "to be engaged" to him at the year's end, Moreton had wisely foreborne to give many evidences of his wealth or to make her so dependent upon luxury in her surroundings lest she might marry him for anything but honest affection—the deeper, more passionate feeling he longed to awaken would, he believed, come later. Surely, such love as his, the first strong and real sentiment of the kind in thirty-eight years of life, must stay that girlish, untutored nature. And now Moreton rejoiced that all precautions about lavishing tokens of his wealth upon the girl could be thrown to the winds! As the train whirled him through the wet, autumn-dark country he fancied how Jerry's soft, dark eyes would sparkle, how the sweet, red lips would curve with that bewitching, dimpling smile of hers which always sent his pulses tingling, as once after case was opened and the jewels he had purchased for her were brought to light. He pictured how the band of topaz linked with pearls would become that soft, milk-white throat, and how like stars the diamonds he had chosen would shine on her fair young bosom. Girlish as this little maid of his might be, Moreton knew that, arrayed like a young princess, as he meant she should be, his wife could proudly hold her own among the granddames of his set to whom his bachelorhood had long been an stigma. Not to be it known that Moreton was the least of a cynic so far as women were concerned. His nature was too fine and high for that, but, even though long ago there had been a boyish "affair," he had never cared enough for any woman to make her his wife until that eventful summertime when little Jerry came into his life. Men of his age combat such an unexpected passion until they test its reality, and now Moreton had done until he knew of an irrevocable certainty his one hope of earthly happiness lay in the keeping of Jerry Blake. It had mattered not at all to the composed man of the world what any one—but Jerry—might think of it. He owed allegiance to no human being in his choice of a wife, for the only person who could possibly be affected by his marriage was his brother's widow—in whose care Jerry had been placed, and she was too liberally provided for by Moreton to venture any protest.

As the train neared the familiar station, John's keen face lighted with his radiant magnetic smile, even at thought of his heart's delight, but a moment later, as he was on the platform and the well-trained coachman from Mrs. Moreton's was taking his small traps and giving him a respectful greeting, Moreton's habitual dignity and composure returned. He was finally not one to wear his heart on his sleeve.

It was a short drive, yet it seemed long to Moreton, who found it hard to make the sort of conversation between master and man, but at last came the gates, the tiny lodge, the rain-drenched drive and at last the open doorway and the wide, frosty hall in which one figure only was discernible.

John's eyes, filled with Jerry, found it hard at once to realize that the slender, graceful form, the thin, delicate face of the woman who hastened forward, belonged to his sister-in-law, but her voice broke the spell.

"My dear John! So glad to see you!" Mrs. Moreton was exclaiming in her soft, trill-like tones as the butler relieved John of his top coat, etc. "You must be chilled through! Will you have a glass of wine at once? Surely you'll need it."

A tone—undoubtedly compassionate—as though there were something in the air yet to materialize, made John instinctively glance around the wide, luxurious hall.

"Where is Jerry, Sabina," he said, shortly.

Mrs. Moreton glanced down into the slumberous depths of the wood fire, holding out her slender jeweled hands with a lithe gesture, fit accompaniment to her sigh.

"Is the child ill?" he demanded. His eyes sombre and deep set were fastened on the widow's slender, cameo-out profile.

"Where is she?"

"Really, John," said his sister-in-law looking up with a laugh, "you must ask Jerry herself. She tells me very much of her movements lately, since Charley Vandermeyer came back. She is out now somewhere."

Moreton leaned his arm heavily on the oak mantel. Something seemed to make even the firelight dim. Then he roused himself in a dazed way.

"You should not let her out in such a storm," he said, slowly. "There," as the bell sounded, "that may be Jerry now."

And forgetful of the butler's approach he strode forward and opened the great door himself.

Jerry, as he confronted her—a slim, up-right, young figure with a lovely face, neat as a toque of fur—was not smiling. Her dark eyes had a frightened look to them.

"Oh, John!" she said, faintly. "I thought it was the next train."

Whatever his disappointment, or perhaps misgivings, at sight of very pale, quiet, fair young face, the mobile lips—at sound of her sister-like voice Moreton's love surged up and swept all but her sweet nearness away.

"Come in, dear," he said, a trifle huskily, and drew the little rain-drenched figure into the half-lighted hall. "Jerry, my darling," he whispered, with his hand on her shoulder and his eyes gazing straight into hers, "where did you run away such a day as this?"

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"Come in, dear," he said, a trifle huskily, and drew the little rain-drenched figure into the half-lighted hall. "Jerry, my darling," he whispered, with his hand on her shoulder and his eyes gazing straight into hers, "where did you run away such a day as this?"

"Oh John!" was all Jerry answered, but her cheeks flamed.

John paused a moment—the girl's eyes met his with the same odd look of alarm in them.

"Sabina," he said suddenly, and turning to the widow who had not been unmindful of this little scene—viewed as it was by her own knowledge of what might be coming—"Will you please see that Jerry is made to change all these

wet clothes—why," once more touching the sleeve of her damp cloak with its wet fur border, "she must have been almost standing in the rain!"

Jerry thankfully made her escape, flying along the upper passage of her room where even before she removed more than her hat and jacket she seized her writing material and scribbled a little note in pencil.

"Dear Charley," it ran, "I won't detain Mr. Moreton for an hour. I will make a chance and you must help me to tell him all tonight or early in the morning."

JERRY.

When this was written the girl moved about the room restlessly. It must be given in some fashion to Vandermeyer before dinner. Nell, Sabina's maid, would manage that.

By what desire to, in a fashion, balance her wrongdoing and please her betrothed's fancy, Jerry chose to wear a costume which set her soft young charms in their fairest light, the girl could not have told, but when she appeared in the candle-lit dining room a few moments before dinner, with her hair done up in a bun, and her eyes, which were fairly started by her love-liness. Not that the gown of pale gray chiffon over silk of the same color was rich or costly, but its very delicacy became her to perfection—the rounded bodice showed the poise of the girlish throat, which Moreton had meant should gleam with jewels—the rich brown hair coming back from her brow was cooled high, caught with a silver dagger he had given her on his last visit, and in her broad silk belt was a great bunch of hellrope, whose scent was wafted to him as she approached—lovely, bewitching as ever, yet the same look, half-wistful, half-frightened, in the sweet dark eyes.

"Why, Jerry, my child," Moreton said, taking a pair of very cold little hands into his strong ones, "have you been seeing ghosts lately? It looks like it!" He drew her into the light of the candles above the mantel and smiled half sadly.

"What has happened in my absence?" Has Nixon died, or the pony gone lame?"

He broke off, stirred by the look of real trouble in the face, dangerously near his own. A movement only and his lips would rest on hers! But this vague cloud must pass away.

"Oh, no, John," the girl said, eagerly, and putting one hand softly on his arm, "but there is something I want to tell you soon—very soon—but we must have a long talk alone. Not now, dear—I could not—I must take my time—you see you will—" A damask cloak flooded her cheeks. "You may be angry—or so sorry—perhaps."

Moreton, his fine, clear-cut face showing pain deepening in every line, put his hand upon the girl's shoulders and gazed down much as a man knowing earth holds but one and one only real, farewell for his into the fair face still lifted to his own. Not for an instant did he question the nature of the revelation which she had made. He let his hands fall and moved away.

"As you will, dear. After dinner and I have had my cigar and you and Sabina your talk, come into the library."

Moreton roused himself with an effort to be bright and entertaining at dinner. Mrs. Moreton, severely impatient to lay aside her widow's weeds, and as she put it, "take her place again in society," was intensely interested in the bits of news from the outer world which Moreton good-humoredly gave her. Jerry was rather feverishly gay, laughing, joking, chaffing in quite what seemed her old fashion, yet there was constraint in all sides, and John, for one, was not sorry when, the meal over, he could seek the solitude of his own den.

He would be gentle with her! God knew—his love was not a selfish one—but God only knew the misery of that hour when he laid bare to himself the depths of his own passion and realized the dream had been vain. And then, without knowing what he did, he glanced at the chimney-piece on which, well-framed, rested a photo taken last summer—a group in which Jerry and his young cousin, Charley Vandermeyer, were central figures—his least important—for it had all come of a passing whim of the girl's to, as she put it, represent him as "their stern guardian."

Moreton seized the picture and studied it by the new lights of this and home-coming. Charley's handsome, smiling face, the lightness of his three and twenty years, contrasting so well with Jerry's girlish charm, made him feel his own age and gravity, his—no, not heartiness—that could not be in the fine spare lines of his tall figure near the others. But their youth surely had been a bond, and he recalled Charley's gay, high spirits, his "Charley-like" versatility, could see him flying about with Jerry, in the tennis court, at the impromptu dances they had devised, driving the pony cart so skillfully, singing in his clear tenor the popular songs of the day, criticizing the girl's dress, looking his admiration, spreading lavishly his compliments—all elements calculated to win a heart as young and joyous as his daughter's.

"If he loves him," was John's thought as he held his handsome head and made his way to the library.

Jerry was there already. The hour of waiting had seemed interminable to her, and yet when her guardian appeared words failed her.

Moreton came forward; he actually smiled and drew her to a seat beside him on the lounge, "before you begin your story let me say a few words. I think I know what you have to tell me, but at all events, whatever it is I cannot be angry with you as you suggested. I shall try to help you."

"Oh—do you know, then," said Jerry, drawing a quick breath. "Was it Sabina who told you?"

Sabina's words with their hateful significance flashed back, but John said quietly: "No," he was about to add—how has his intuition? but remembered his resolution. "Is there?" he forced himself to be calm. "Is there anything between you and my Cousin Charley, dear?"

He made a quick, sharp movement! Something! Good God, and this fair child no deeper sense of the sacredness of their tie? Something unfair to him in it! He could have laughed aloud, mocking the very misery of it. He understood more from those few words than volumes could have told him.

"Jerry," he said at last, "that is all you need say, dear, and I want to tell you one thing. Our sort of engagement has been a sorry business. I want to release you. After all—you know you never really promised—"

"Oh!" cried the girl with sudden fire, "did John—I did—in my heart!"

She sprang up and stood leaning against the oak table in the center of the room, her arms outstretched, her slim hands at each side clasping it.

Moreton moved towards her quickly. "My little girl!" he said in a low voice, "what with the feeling he felt heretofore, just be reassured, 'I ought to have freed you long ago. I am only now, dear, your guardian—remember that—your father if you like your happiness, child, is my first thought. Don't grieve over what has happened.' He broke off suddenly, looking down into the mobile face of the girl, which showed alternate white and red, but was that never drooped—never lost that distrustful look in their depths. To see the liveliness which was part of the potent charm she had for him so near, to almost feel the fluttering of her heart in the sound of the flowers on her breast, made him fear to seize her in his arms he forced her to answer his broken truth, but he forced himself to go on with what he had to say. "Go now, dear; I have work to do—and send Charley to me tomorrow."

There was a moment's silence. The color flickered still on the delicate, flower-like face. Then slowly, the shame-facedly she moved toward the door.

He stood still until the light fronted of her, and the sound of her lagging step died down the hall. Then Jerry sank into his chair, burying his face in his arms outstretched on the table. His eyes were one of real living in his busy, generous life—had ended, was he told himself, dead, as though it had been a breathing thing, a comrade who had suddenly played him false!

It was still raining dizzily the next morning, but Jerry had an errand to perform with which the elements could not interfere. It was with a melancholy little smile, though, that the girl donned as warm as waterproof a dress and jacket as her wardrobe boasted. She remembered John's injunction the day before—how long ago that seemed.

"My dear Jerry," was Sabina's exclamation as the girl passed her in the hall. "What were you doing? But then," the widow smiled indulgently, "you need not mind his whims now, of course."

"Whims!" thought the girl passionately as she walked rapidly down the wet road heedless of wind or weather, of anything but her own thoughts, "when I would mind his least little look or touch or word!"

And something strangely like tears glistened on Jerry's lashes. Oh, to see that old, old, old love-light spring into his eyes at sight of her! The smile caressing in its sweetness drive the stern composure from his lips! Well—Jerry took back her head with an air of resolution! That was in the past, and she walked on hurriedly to her destination, a queer little old-fashioned cottage, the door of which opened before she reached it, and a tall, very good-looking, fair-haired young man appeared.

"Hello, Jerry," was his quick salutation. "You're tramping to college, aren't you? You told the governor all about it!"

"Yes," said Jerry, shortly, "he will be here presently himself. I think I left a line to him and asking him to come here. Wouldn't it be just as well to go inside?"

Moreton traversed the same ground half an hour later like a man in a dream. Jerry had completely missed him, his only asking as it did that he follow her in an hour to Mrs. Rollins's cottage. "Charley is there. I want you to see us both there," he had said, before he had hastily written, and John wonderingly obeyed.

Jerry only met him in the cottage parlor. He had not seen her since the night before, and it startled him to note the pallor of her face—even of her lips.

"Charley is not a very strong-minded young man, you know, John," she said, hurriedly, putting her hand on his arm, "and you must not be too severe. He knows all you have done for him and that he ought to have told you all and so ought I; but what could I do? They were married, you see, before I knew of it."

"They!" cried John Moreton; "who—what do you mean?"

"Why, Charley and Kate Rollins, of course," returned Jerry. "Of course, isn't a lady nor particularly refined, but she's improving every day and—"

Jerry broke off, startled by her guardian bursting into a joyous, triumphant sort of laughter.

"God heavens, Jerry!" he exclaimed, "he might have married the cook!"

"But we thought," declared the girl with a sort of vexation, "you would be seriously annoyed and poor Charley would lose his place and I felt it more to have said and absented, but I was pledged until now."

Jerry and her guardian walked home almost in silence. If Kate Rollins or Mrs. Vandermeyer was amazed by the cordiality with which the "high and mighty" Mr. Moreton, as she called him, accepted her as a cousin, she never guessed the cause, nor to this day, but was and is inclined to think it due to the power of her beauty, though she is willing to agree with Charley in appreciating Jerry's meditation on their behalf. But Jerry found it difficult to speak and the two betrothed lovers only exchanged a word.

The gates were in view when John felt a soft pressure on his arm and stood still to meet a very pleading gaze from the girl beside him.

"And you quite forgive me, John?" Jerry said in the smallest kind of a voice.

"Forgive you?" John's eyes were shining. "Oh, child—only God knows what this has been! Jerry!" He held her firmly by both arms and gazed down into her wistful, lovely face. "Tell me—on your soul—did you want me to release you?" His voice and heart both trembled. When those pale, little lips moved, their message would mean all his world's light or all its darkness. And Jerry knew that she was challenged to her "good" truth.

"John," she whispered, drawing so close to him that instinctively his strong arms closed tight about her. "It seemed—when you told me to go—that it would kill me. I might die, dear, but I could not really live without you."



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N. C. HARVEY, Box 748, Newark, N. J.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

The application of the RADWAY'S READY RELIEF to the part or parts where the difficulty or pain exists will afford ease and comfort. For Sprains, Bruises, Backache, Pain in the Chest or Sides, Colds, Congestions, Inflammations, Lumbago, Sciatica, Headache, Toothache, or any other Pain, a few applications will afford relief, causing the pain to instantly disappear.

Thirty to sixty drops in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Croup, Spasms, Stomachic, Nausea, Vomiting, Diarrhoea, Colic, Convulsions, Infantile, and Fever. SUMMER COMPLAINTS, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Pain in the Bowels and all Internal Pains.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pain from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant. Price 50c per bottle. Sold by druggists.

RADWAY'S PILLS.

An excellent and mild Cathartic. Purely Vegetable. The Safe and Best Medicine for the Cure of all Disorders of the LIVER, STOMACH OR BOWELS. Taken according to directions they will restore health and renew vitality. Price 25c a box. Sold by all druggists, or mailed by RADWAY & SONS, 107 Nassau St., New York, on receipt of price.

Is Your Husband Cross?

Perhaps your cooking stove is the cause of it.

Well cooked food produces good digestion and a sweet temper.



AVOID THE CHANCE OF A COLD AND A HOT STOVE. Buy the Charter Oak. With the Wire Gauge Oven Doors.

If You Want the Best, Buy the Charter Oak. With the Wire Gauge Oven Doors.

TAKE NO OTHER. For Sale by HUNNITT & BELLINGHAM, Cor. Peachtree and W. ATLANTA, GA. Sept 25-31 sun wk sun wk sun wk sun wk

Bile Beans Small

Positively cure Sick-headache, Constipation, Biliousness, Liver Complaint, Colds and General Debility. 40 to the bottle. Sugar coated. Easy to take. Do not gripe nor sicken the stomach. Sold by druggists. Price 25c. Reliable and economical. Sample dose free.

J. F. Smith, Proprietor, 107 Greenwich St., N. Y. July 10-24 sun wk N. Y.

SAVOY, A LOCATED

At the main entrance to Central Park, cor. 8th Ave. and 39th St., NEW YORK, one block from Elevated Railway Station.

ACCOMMODATIONS

Rooms singly or en suite. All modern improvements. American and European plans. Perfect Cuisine.

NEW AND ABSOLUTE- LY FIRE-PROOF HOTEL.

8th Avenue and 39th St.

NEW YORK.

BOYD DECKER, Manager.

NOTICE to all Creditors of the Richmond and Danville Railroad Company, in and out of the district of Virginia, at Richmond, in said district, that the undersigned, as Special Master in Chancery, by and under the authority of the United States Circuit Court of the District of Virginia, at Richmond, Va., do hereby order and decree that all creditors of the Richmond and Danville Railroad Company, and others in equity, who have claims against the said Richmond and Danville Railroad Company, whether secured by mortgage, pledge or other lien upon any portion of the corporate property, and of no other portion, and the names of all the creditors holding such demands, and the nature of the claims, and the amount of the same, shall be filed in the office of the undersigned, on or before the 1st day of November, 1892, to the end that the validity, amount and respective priorities upon the property or income thereof may be determined and reported on by the said Special Master to the court.

The court further decrees in said order "that all creditors holding any such demands against the Richmond and Danville Railroad Company, who shall fail or neglect to file their respective demands with the said Special Master, on or before the 1st day of November, 1892, may be barred and precluded from asserting any claim, lien or right of payment against the said corporate property in the custody of the court, and shall be barred in any basis of distribution arising from the proceeds of sale of the income therefrom."

M. T. PLASANCE,
Special Master in Chancery.

PENNYROYAL PILLS

Dr. J. C. Ayer's Pennyroyal Pills. A small, elegant, and effective remedy for all disorders of the Liver, Stomach, and Bowels. Sold by all druggists.

TO GO TO NEW YORK.

The Gate City Guard Will Attend the Columbian Exercises.

IT WILL BE A GRAND OCCASION

And the Pageantry Will Be Such as the Country Has Never Witnessed Before in Its History.

Atlanta is justly proud of her military organizations, but in none of them is the martial spirit more thoroughly developed than in the Gate City Guard.

The reputation of the company has long since spread over the continent and conquered its way into the admiration of every part of the country, but here at Atlanta the martial name under which the soldier boys are united is the synonym of refinement and culture, as well as of discipline and victory.

The membership of the company, without detracting from the merit of the other local organizations, is composed of the best young citizens of Atlanta.

They are fond of the life of the soldier, and their unity of aim and purpose has enabled them to act in concert and harmony in every movement which they have undertaken.

Their concert of action was never more fully demonstrated than it was last Friday night when the company decided by a rousing vote to attend the Columbian exercises in New York city.

A few weeks ago a letter was received by Governor Northern from Mayor Grant, of New York, inviting himself and the militia of the state to be present on that occasion.

When the receipt of the letter was first announced the Guard began to discuss the matter and to agitate the question, which was finally settled by their resolution last Friday night, to accomplish the trip.

They are now devising their plans, and for the next few weeks the army will be astir with their preparations.

Drills will be in order every few nights, and before they shake the dust from their feet they will be in a trim for drilling that will not only look the pride of their friends, but that will fairly illustrate the civility of old Georgia.

It goes without saying that the company will make as handsome a show as any organization that will daunt its banner in the streets of New York.

The company held a meeting in the armory last night, which was followed by a short drill and every member of the company, from the captain down to the "high private in the rear rank," was fairly aglow with enthusiasm.

The Columbian exercises will occur between the 8th and the 12th days of next October. Parades will occur each day and the week will be full of displays, Monday a grand naval display will take place and on Wednesday, the grandest pageant will have their parade. The grandest pageant that the country has ever seen will occur on the night of the 12th of October, and the discovery of the new world by Columbus will be fully observed.

Arrangements have been made, or will shortly be consummated by which the Guard will leave Atlanta on the 10th of October and return to the city on the 15th following.

They will stop over in Washington for half a day, and will tarry for a few hours in Baltimore. They will also make a short stay in Philadelphia, and from the city of "Brotherly Love" they will sail without stopping into the city of New York.

A full company will make the trip, and a complement of forty men, including the officers, will constitute its numerical strength.

Officers of the Company.

The present officers of the company are as follows:

Captain—W. J. Kendrick.
Charles M. Roberts, first lieutenant.
L. D. White, second lieutenant.
George S. Lowman, second lieutenant.
George W. Terry, Jr., quartermaster sergeant.
George Brown, hospital steward.
James W. Austin, first sergeant.
Thomas F. Williams, third sergeant.
W. S. Walker, Jr., third sergeant.
Richard Gordon, fourth sergeant.
C. C. Beck, fifth sergeant.
Bert Storer, first corporal.
H. C. Powell, second corporal.
James S. Nix, third corporal.
S. H. Askew, Jr., fourth corporal.

Matters of Interest.



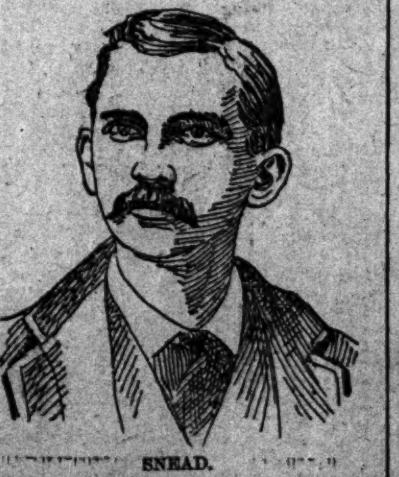
KENDRICK.

abled them to act in concert and harmony in every movement which they have undertaken. Their concert of action was never more fully demonstrated than it was last Friday night when the company decided by a rousing vote to attend the Columbian exercises in New York city.

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The Gate City Guard was the first southern company to make a tour of the north after the war. They left Atlanta in October, 1879, under the command of Captain J. P. Burke, and with William G. Sparks as first lieutenant. They first stopped in Richmond, Va., where they were entertained by the Richmond Blues. They next stopped in Washington, D. C., and were the guests of the Washington Light Infantry. Philadelphia opened her gates and the boys were entertained during their stay in that city by the State Fencibles. They were entertained in Baltimore by the Fifth Maryland regiment and in New York by the Seventh regiment, the crack volunteer regiment of the United States.

Next they went to Hartford, Conn., and were cordially welcomed by the Governor's Foot Guard, and from there they went to the "Hub," where they were greeted in true soldierly fashion by the Boston Light Infantry. They were entertained in Lowell, Mass., by the Sherman Cadets and at Foughkeeps, N. Y., by the celebrated Davy Crockett.



KENDRICK.

Crockett Hook and Ladder Company and the citizens generally.

The trip covered a period of thirty days and was one continued ovation that emphasized in a beautiful manner that the war was over. Their splendid Army.

There is not a better equipped organization in the south than the Gate City Guard. Their armory is a model of architecture and is a large and magnificent structure. It is three stories high with a frontage along the Lexington Avenue.

The site of the armory was purchased in January, 1881, during the captaincy of J. F. Burke and completed during that of Captain Harry Jackson.

Several companies of the north in 1890 were invited to Atlanta and through the influence of the Gate City Guard were prevailed upon to accept the invitation. The grandest sham battle that ever occurred in the south was witnessed during their stay in the city.

This company is the only one in the United States that attended the funeral of General Grant and President Davis, thus bridging the gap between the opposing armies and uniting through the medium that had once separated them, the two once estranged but now happily united sections.

The armory is situated on a high point, and was erected with money that was raised by the subscription of the citizens of Atlanta.

The last of the first militia was sent to the front in 1862.

E. M. BASS & CO.

Read this Advertisement from start to finish. Read at least the first paragraph, and then, if interested, read to the end. Read to the end for the sake of those who are interested.

Do you read our advertisements? Thousands of people supply their wants at our place. Is it because they have learned of our low prices through announcements in the public journals or through other mediums? We shall see whether many people read this advertisement in the Constitution.

We here make mention of the important items of goods in constant demand, and desirable, at prices the like of which have never been talked of nor written about in this broad land. These prices will be good to those only who come to our store tomorrow—Monday—calling for the goods and naming the prices as advertised today in this paper. Failing to speak of this advertisement our regular prices will be charged.

Should the weather on Monday be very inclement, so as to prevent comfortable shopping, the prices here given will hold good on Tuesday. We are simply addressing ourselves to the question, "Does it pay to advertise in the Constitution?"

FRUIT OF THE LOOM. 1,000 yards at 7 1/2c. You could not buy this goods at the factory at this price though you were to take enough to load a train extending from the Savannah river to the Alabama line. Limit 20 yards to a customer.

LONSDALE CAMBRIC. 1,000 yards at 9c. A cargo could not be bought at the mills at this price. Limit 20 yards to a customer. 10-4 Pepper Sheet, 1,000 yards, at 19c. Come early. Limit 20 yards to a customer.

A C A TICKING. 1,000 yards at 12c. The question is, "Does it pay to advertise in the Constitution?" Limit 20 yards to a customer.

AMERICAN INDIGO PRINTS. 1,000 yards at 5 1/2c. Our place is 51 and 53 Peachtree St. The price is but for a few short hours. Limit 20 yards to a customer.

STANDARD DRESS PRINTS. 1,000 yards at 5c. Allen's Chocheos and other best makes, fall styles and select patterns. Limit 20 yards to a customer.

HEAVY 4-4 SEA ISLAND AND GOOD SHAKER FLANNEL. 1,000 yards each at 5c tomorrow. Limit 20 yards to a customer.

FINE CAMEL'S HAIR SUITING. 1,000 yards at 39c, 38 inches wide, fine quality and is worth 60 cents. See it and believe. Limit two dress patterns to a customer.

FINE TRICOT SUITING. 1,000 yards at 39c. We have a nice quality of all wool Tricot, on regular sale, at 25 cents. That which we offer at 39c for tomorrow would merit an encore at twice the price. Call for it Monday. Limit two patterns to a customer.

DRESS TRIMMINGS. If you are well informed upon the value of Trimmings, you will appreciate the prices which we shall make. We have probably the most elegant stock in the city. Patterns worth \$5 a yard will be sold Monday for \$2.50. Those worth \$1 will go at 50c. For a nickel the dime numbers will be offered. See the goods and learn the special Monday prices. Limit \$10 worth to a customer.

LADIES' AND MISSES' HOSIERY. 1,000 pairs of the 20-cent quality for 10c a pair. This is a superb offering. The color in them will neither dye nor die, but the price cannot survive beyond 6 p. m. Monday. Do not fail to call far them. Limit 5 pairs to a customer.

HANDKERCHIEFS. The assortment is complete, the stock is full, and a prettier one is not to be found within the limits of this common wealth. Prices always low, but for tomorrow we will offer 1,000 15-cent Ladies' Handkerchiefs at 4c, assorted styles—Surely gems they are, and never—no, not since Helen was young in Troy were such goods offered at such a price. Limit 10 to a customer.

It will be noticed that, in the purchase of the above named special, customers will be limited in quantity. The explanation is easy. The prices here given are in every instance at or below manufacturers' values, and we wish to give the goods as wide a distribution as possible.

Remember that these prices are for those only who mention this advertisement, the purpose of which, to repeat, is to ascertain the value of advertising space in the Constitution.

We expect to continue our newspaper announcements, and it might be a good idea for you to read them, for we shall not impoverish such space as we may engage with sapless words. If we have nothing to say, we will say it with our mouths shut.

Our stocks of Silks, Woolens and every kind of Dress Goods are very full. So with Ribbons, Notions, Ladies' and Gents' Furnishings and Shoes. Our Shoe department is a specialty with us and is growing daily in popularity. Our prices in every department will always be with the lowest of the low.

THE DATE IS FIXED.

November 18th the Carnival Will Be Opened to All.

IT WILL CLOSE NOVEMBER 19TH.

Great Will Be the Reception Tendered the King and His Grand Train—The Committee Met Yesterday.

Now for the fun. Next Tuesday the Indian Summer Carnival Association will throw a large handsome flag to the breeze from the Gould building to wave a triumphant salute to all Georgia and the Piedmont section of the south.

The thing is fixed now and this flag will send greeting unto men, women and children far and near proclaiming the fact that this Indian Summer Carnival is no longer a pretty fanciful dream but a living reality.

A great flag will also be unfurled over the Chamber of Commerce.

Later on as the autumn days go whirling by banners will be hoisted over other buildings in the city, all announcing the coming of the carnival king.

News has been received from the mystic land where the king is wont to reign supreme that he will "hit the city" November 18th and will make merry within the walls of the Gate City for five successive days, his feast and gala season lasting until Saturday, the 19th.

Wednesday the 16th and Friday the 18th are the days set apart as the great days when all the railroads running into Atlanta will give the wonderfully low rate of 1 cent a mile excursion rates.

There will be such amusements as racing, football, baseball between champion teams of the big league at the park every day and the grand regatta of the wondrous carnival king at night.

The Carnival Ball.

There will be a grand and splendid carnival ball in the main building out at Piedmont park on the night before the close of the carnival week.

This ball is going to be one of the most enjoyable of all the many enjoyable features of the gala week in Atlanta and will be attended by hundreds and hundreds.

The main building will be put in excellent trim for it and everybody who loves to follow in the train of terpsichorean votaries will

in the city court of Atlanta, before Judge Van Epps, on yesterday, the jury in the case of Adam Jones against the Richmond and Danville Railroad Company returned a verdict of \$5,500 for the plaintiff. Mr. Jones was a railroad watchman and was struck by a Richmond and Danville locomotive while in the discharge of his duty. His collarbone was broken by the blow and he was laid up for some time. Mr. C. T. Ladson represented the plaintiff and Mr. Tom Cobb Jackson the defendant.



PROFESSOR FOOTER—"What?"

—You mean—

—to talk—

—to talk—

—to talk—

—to talk—

—to talk—

—to talk—

—to talk—

UNITED STATES WEATHER MAP FOR TODAY



The weather symbols on the map are as follows:

☉ CLEAR ☁ FAIR ☁ CLOUDY ☁ RAIN ☁ SNOW

Arrows fly with the wind. Dotted lines traverse regions of equal temperature. Figures at the ends show the degree of heat. Unbroken lines traverse regions of equal barometric pressure. The wavy line at the end of an unbroken line, as 29.9, 30.0, 30.1, etc., show that the air along the line is high enough to balance that many inches of mercury. Areas of high pressure are accompanied by a cloud atmosphere, and "low" by a moist air, clouds and rain.

Maximum temperature of a station for the preceding day is indicated by those figures nearest to the station.

Saturday dry weather prevailed throughout the country from the Rockies to the Atlantic, with the exception of showers on the immediate Atlantic and Gulf coasts. At New Orleans 72 hundredths of an inch of rain fell, all other rainfalls reported were very light. In the extreme northwest cool weather is just appearing, with a high barometric area.

find an evening of many delightful pleasures there.

Let Subscribers Pay Up.

It is desirable—necessary in fact—that the carnival subscribers should be ready with prompt payments of the 25 per cent of their subscriptions which will be solicited early this week.

It is only necessary to call in these subscriptions to an amount sufficient to carry on the business of the concern until the opening day is at hand.

Things are beginning to assume a business

like shape now. The floats have been contracted for and the foreman of the work will be in Atlanta tomorrow or next day for the purpose of shaping them to the city's streets, electric wires overhead and the like.

These floats will be the most beautiful shadow of a doubt be the handsomest ever seen in the south.

Additional Subscriptions.

Additional subscriptions keep coming in to the managers. The following were reported yesterday:

George Electric Light Co. \$50; R. Marks & Bro \$100; G. V. Green \$200; Joseph Thompson additional \$200; Huthenthal & Huthenthal \$100; Pelligrini & Castleberry \$100; Moncrief, Downman & Co. \$5; Memphis Store Co. \$10; George C. Caldwell \$5; A. K. Hagland \$20; Drexton & Dunn \$10; DeSaussure and Matthews \$5; R. D. Crane \$5; Southern Bell Co. \$25; James E. Hickey \$10; Kattenhorn & Day \$10; Hunniford and Hollingsworth \$25; Clarke Hardware Co. \$25; W. R. Guinn \$10; G. W. Harrison \$20; Atlanta Consolidated Street L. R. Co. \$250; A. Kretz \$10; Georgia Pine Lumber Co. \$10; Southern Saw Mfg Co. \$25; Malady Avery \$10; Southern Loan and Banking Co. \$10; J. J. Falvey \$10; J. J. Conledge & Co. \$10; R. J. Griffin \$10; R. O. Campbell \$10; A. J. Campbell \$10; Hirsch Bros. \$30; D. W. Apple \$5; L. De-Give \$25.

Be Sure to Meet.

It is important that the executive committee should have a full representation at the meeting called for tomorrow at 12 o'clock.

The meeting will be held in the headquarters of the carnival association, bottom floor of the Gould building, and will be promptly called to order at high noon. Be sure to be there, in the request made by the president and secretary of the members of the committee.

The executive committee will probably have daily sessions at 12 o'clock on this week.

Messrs. J. T. Kelley and G. V. Green have been added to the list of members of the executive committee.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

For Alderman.

I respectfully announce myself as a candidate for alderman at large for the city of Atlanta, subject to nomination by a primary election or such other method as the city executive committee may direct, and solicit the support of my fellow citizens.

JOHN STEPHENS, JACKSON STREET.

Sept 25-14.

The friends of Dr. Walter G. Brown suggest him for alderman from the second ward.

Sept 15-14.

The friends of Colonel Thomas W. Loftman hereby announce him as a candidate for alderman to be voted for in the approaching city election.

FOURTH WARD.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of alderman of the fourth ward, subject to the democratic nomination. I am a conscientious worker and have my right leg in the hospital, having been wounded by the rebels.